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Ballad

EVANS'S EDITION.

OLD BALLADS,
HISTORICAL AND NARRATIVE,

WITH SOME OF MODERN DATE;

Now first collected, and reprinted from rare Copies.

WITH NOTES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.



Isaac Taylor del. et sculp.

*With rough Majestic Force he mov'd the Heart,
And Strength & Nature made Amends for Art.*

Rowe.

Printed for T. EVANS, in the Strand.

M DCC LXXVII.

OLD BALL
EVANS' EDITION.

THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF

HISTORICAL MODERN NARRATIVE

Now first collected, and revised,
WITH SOME OF MODERN DATE;
WITH NOTES

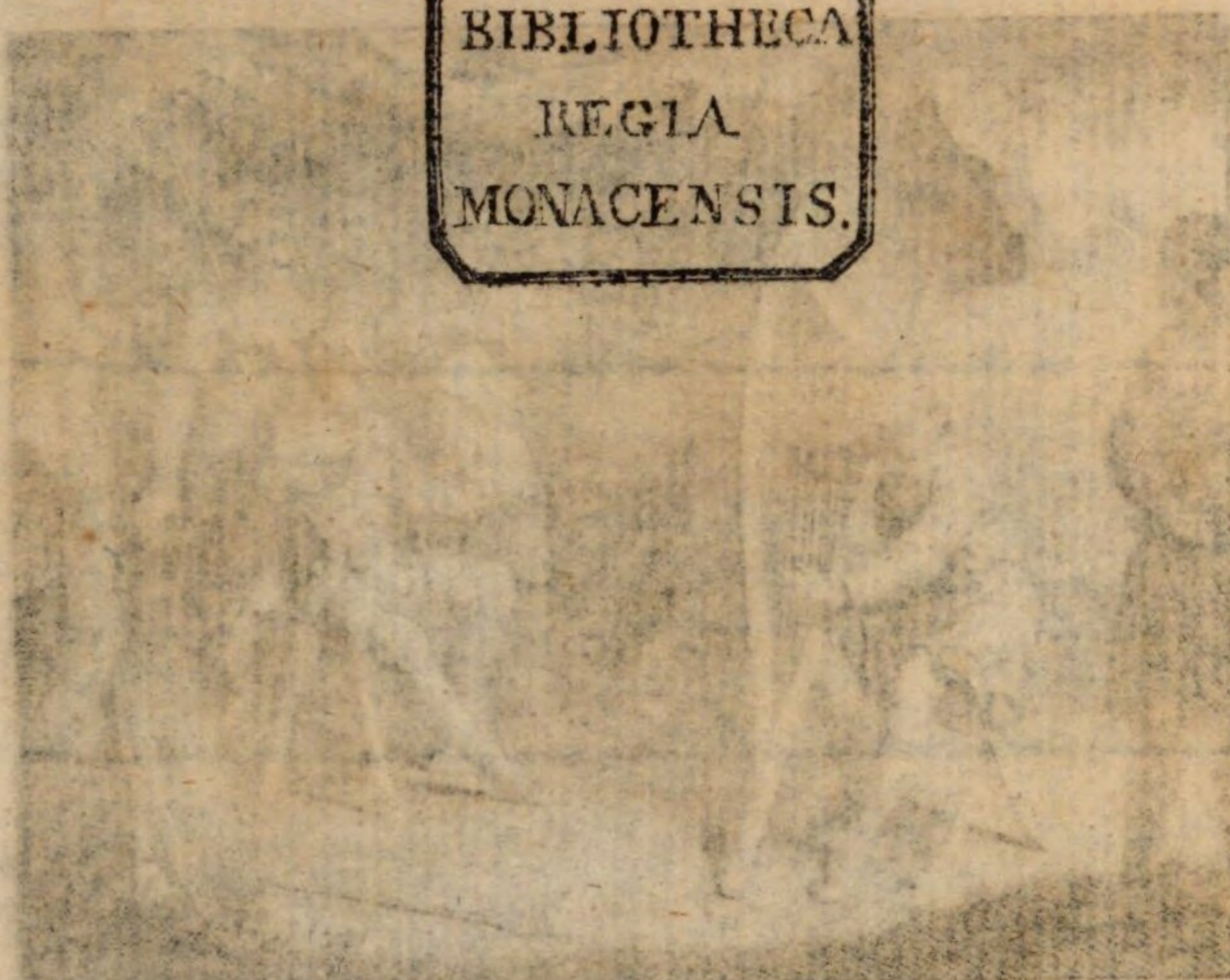
VOLUME THE FIRST

VOLUME THE FIRST

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REGIA

MONACENSIS.



With notes. History of the
Church of England, from the
Reformation to the present time.

Printed for J. EVANS, in the Strand.

M DCC LXXVII

P R E F A C E.

“THE Ballad may be considered as the native
species of poetry of this country. It very ex-
actly answers to the idea of original poetry, which is
confined to description of external objects, and the
narration of events, and is strictly rude, uncultivated-
verse, in which the popular tale of the times was re-
corded. As our ancestors partook of the fierce war-
like character of the Northern nations, the subjects of
their poetry would chiefly consist of the martial ex-
ploits of their heroes, and the military events of na-
tional history, deeply tinged with that passion for the
marvellous, and that superstitious credulity, which
always attend a state of ignorance and barbarism.
Many of the ancient ballads have been transmitted to
the present times; and in them the character of the
nation displays itself in striking colours. The boast-
ful history of her victories, the prowess of her favourite
kings and captains, and the wonderful adventures of
the legendary saint and knight-errant, are the topics
of the rough rhyme and unadorned narration, which
was ever the delight of the vulgar, and is now an
object of curiosity to the antiquarian and man of
taste.”

Such are the sentiments of an excellent writer*, who
has fully considered this subject, and with them agrees
the opinion of Mr. Addison, who remarks, “An ordi-
nary song or ballad that is the delight of the common
people cannot fail to please all such readers as are not
unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation

* Mr. Aikin. See his Essays on Song Writing.

P R E F A C E.

“ or their ignorance ; and the reason is plain, because
“ the same paintings of nature which recommend it to
“ the most ordinary reader will appear beautiful to the
“ most refined.

These testimonies in favour of the rude and unpolished efforts of the English muse in its infant state would be sufficient to authorize the publication of such pieces as remain of this species of poetry, even if the taste of the times, and the curiosity of the present age, did not demand that they should no longer be left subject to accident and chance, to perish in oblivion.

A polished age will make allowances for the rude productions of their ancestors, who, if they do not dazzle the imagination, commonly interest the heart. Among the modern ballads inserted in this edition, the reader will meet with several which would do honour to any age or nation.

Dr. Percy, in his Reliques of ancient English Poetry, has inserted a very ingenious essay on the ancient English minstrels, which precludes any attempts of ours to illustrate that subject ; and to this we refer our reader.

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A
C O L L E C T I O N
O F
O L D B A L L A D S.

I.

An old ballad of a duke of Cornwall's daughter ;
who, after her marriage to a king of Albion, was
divorced for the sake of a favourite mistress : And
her exemplary revenge on them both.

*The facts upon which this ballad is founded, may be
seen in " The British History, translated into English from
the Latin of Jeffrey of Monmouth: By Aaron Thomp-
son, late of Queen's College, Oxon. 1718, 8vo. p. 42."
Among the Plays of Shakespeare, is one upon the same
subject, but generally esteemed spurious.*

WHEN Humber in his wrathful rage
King Albanaſt in field had ſlain,
Whose bloody broils for to aſſwage,
King Locrin then apply'd his pain ;
And with a hoſt of Britons ſtout,
At length he found king Humber out.

At vantage great he met him then,
And with his host beset him so,
That he destroy'd his warlike men,
And Humber's power did overthrow;
And Humber, which for fear did fly,
Leapt into a river desp'rately;

And being drowned in the deep,
He left a lady there alive,
Which sadly did lament and weep,
For fear they should her life deprive,
But by her face that was so fair,
The king was caught in Cupid's snare:

He took this lady to his love,
Who secretly did keep it still;
So that the queen did quickly prove
The king did bear her most good will:
Which though by wedlock late begun,
He had by her a gallant son.

Queen Guendolin was griev'd in mind,
To see the king was alter'd so:
At length the cause she chanc'd to find,
Which brought her to much bitter woe.
For Estrild was his joy (God wot)
By whom a daughter he begot.

The duke of Cornwall being dead,
 The father of that gallant queen :
 The king with lust being overlaid,
 His lawful wife he cast off clean :
 Who with her dear and tender son,
 For succour did to Cornwall run.

Then Locrin crowned Estrild bright,
 And made of her his lawful wife :
 With her which was his heart's delight,
 He sweetly thought to lead his life.
 Thus Guendolin, as one forlorn,
 Did hold her wretched life in scorn.

But when the Cornish men did know
 The great abuse she did endure,
 With her a number great did go,
 Which she by prayer did procure.
 In battel then they march'd along,
 For to redress this grievous wrong.

And near a river called Store,
 The king with all his host she met ;
 Where both the armies fought full fore,
 But yet the queen the field did get :
 Yet ere they did the conquest gain,
 The king was with an arrow slain.

Then Guendolin did take in hand,
 Until her son was come to age,
 The government of all the land:
 But first her fury to assuage,
 She did command her soldiers wild,
 To drown both Estrild and her child.

Incontinent then did they bring
 Fair Estrild to the river-side,
 And Sabine, daughter to a king,
 Whom Guendolin could not abide;
 Who being bound together fast,
 Into the river there were cast:

And ever since that runniug stream
 Wherein the ladies drowned were,
 Is called Severn through the realm,
 Because that Sabine died there,
 Thus those that did to lewdness bend,
 Were brought unto a woful end.

II.

The noble acts of King Arthur, and the knights of the round table; with the valiant atchievements of Sir Lancelot du Lake.

Arthur, the son of Uter and Igren, the dutchess of Cornwall, was crowned king of Britain about the year 516, and in the fifteenth of his age. After a reign of twenty-six years, Mordred, the son of Lotho, who pretended to his crown, march'd out against him with his army: And they encounter'd at a place, then called Kamblan, in Cornwall, where our hero slew him with his own hand; and at the same time receiv'd his death's wound from him. From the field of battle he was carried to Glaftenbury in Somersetshire, where he died the twenty-first of May, in the year 542, and was buried in that church-yard. They tell us, that his body was found 600 years after, under the reign of king Henry the second, 16 foot under ground; and near him the body of Guiniver his queen. Tradition tells us, that king Arthur created 24 knights of the order, himself making the 25th; tho' our poet has thought fit to double the number. At Winchester they show us this round table, hanging in the great hall where the Saxon kings usually feasted. This hall is supported by marble pillars in the king's house, on the West-side of that city. The table itself is of one solid piece of wood, and round it are cut several names in the Saxon characters; though I believe no one legible, save that of Lancelot.

WHEN Arthur first in court began,

And was approved king;

By force of arms great victories won,

And conquest home did bring:

B 3

Then

Then into Britain straight he came,
Where fifty good and able
Knights then repaired unto him,
Which were of the round table.

And many juffs and tournaments,
Before them that were dress'd;
Where valiant knights did then excel,
And far surmount the rest:

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Who was approved well;
He in his fights and deeds of arms
All others did excel.

When he had rested him a while,
To play, to game, and sport;
He thought he would go try himself
In some adventurous fort:

He armed rode in forest wide,
And met a damsel fair,
Who told him of adventures great;
Whereto he gave good ear.

Why should I not, quoth Lancelot, tho'
For that cause I came hither?
Thou seem'st, quoth she, a knight right good,
And I will bring thee thither:

Whereas

Whereas the mighty knight doth dwell,
That now is of great fame :
Therefore tell me what knight thou art ;
And then what is your name ?

My name is Lancelot du Lake.
Quoth she, It likes me then ;
Here dwells a knight that never was
E're match'd with any man ;

Who has in prison threefcore knights
And four that he has wound ;
Knights of king's Arthur's court they be,
And of his table round.

She brought him to a river side,
And also to a tree,
Whereon a copper-bafon hung,
His fellow shields to fee.

He struck so hard, the bafon broke.
When Tarquin heard the found,
He drove a horse before him straight,
Whereon a knight lay bound.

Sir knight, then said Sir Lanc'lot, though,
Bring me that horse-load hither,
And lay him down, and let him rest ;
We'll try our force together.

And as I understand thou hast,
 So far as thou art able,
 Done great despite and shame unto
 The knights of the round table,

If thou be of the table round,
 (Quoth Tarquin speedily)
 Both thee and all thy fellowship
 I utterly defy.

That's overmuch, quoth Lancelot though,
 Defend thee by and by.
 They put their spurs unto their steeds,
 And each at other fly :

They couch'd their spears, and horses ran
 As though there had been thunder;
 And each struck them amidst the shield,
 Wherewith they broke in funder;

Their horses backs break under them ;
 The knights were both aston'd :
 To void their horses they made haste,
 To light upon the ground.

They took them to their shields full fast,
 Their swords they drew out then ;
 With mighty strokes most eagerly
 Each one at other run.

They

OLD BALLADS.

They wounded were, and bled full fore,
For breath they both did stand;
And leaning on their swords awhile,
Quoth Tarquin, Hold thy hand;

And tell to me what I shall ask.
Say on, quoth Lancelot though.
Thou art, quoth Tarquin, the best knight
That ever I did know,

And like a knight that I did hate;
So that thou be not he,
I will deliver all the rest,
And eke accord with thee.

That is well said, quoth Lancelot then;
But fith it must be so,
What is the knight thou hatest thus,
I pray thee to me show?

His name is Lancelot du Lake;
He flew my brother dear;
Him I suspect of all the rest;
I would I had him here.

Thy wish thou hast, but yet unknown,
I am Lancelot du Lake,
Now knight of Arthur's table round,
Kind Haud's son of Scuwake:

And

And I desire thee do thy worst.

Ho, ho, quoth Tarquin, though
One of us two shall end our lives,
Before that we do go.

If thou be Lancelot du Luke,
Then welcome shalt thou be ;
Wherefore see thou thy self defend,
For now I defy thee.

They buckled then together so,
Like two wild boars rushing,
And with their swords and shields they ran
At one another flashing :

The ground besprinkled was with blood,
Tarquin began to faint ;
For he gave back, and bore his shield
So low he did repent.

Then soon 'spied Sir Lancelot though,
He leapt upon him then,
He pull'd him down upon his knee,
And rushing off his helm ;

And then he struck his neck in two :
And when he had done so,
From prison, threescore knights and four
Lancelot deliver'd though.

III.

King Alfred and the Shepherd. With the humours of
Gillian, the shepherd's wife.

IN elder times there was of yore,
When gibes of churlish glee
Were us'd among our country carls,
Tho' no such thing now be.
The which king Alfred liking well,
Forsook his stately court,
And in disguise unknown went forth,
To see that jovial sport ;

How Dick and Tom, in clouted shoon,
And coats of russet grey,
Esteem'd themselves more brave than them
That went in golden ray.
In garments fit for such a life
The good king Alfred went,
Ragged and torn as from his back
The beggar his cloaths had rent.

A sword and buckler good and strong,
To give Jack Sauce a rap ;
And on his head, instead of a crown,
He wore a Monmouth cap.

Thus

Thus coasting through Somersetshire,
Near Newton-court he met
A shepherd swain of lusty limb,
That up and down did jet:

He wore a bonnet of good grey,
Close-button'd to his chin;
And at his back a leather scrip,
With much good meat therein.
God speed, good shepherd, quoth the king;
I come to be thy guest,
To taste of thy good victuals here,
And drink that's of the best:

Thy scrip, I know, hath cheer good store;
What then? the shepherd said;
Thou seem'st to be some sturdy thief,
And mak'st me fore afraid:
Yet if thou wilt thy dinner win,
Thy sword and buckler take;
And, if thou can'st, into my scrip
Therewith an entrance make.

I tell thee, roister, it hath store
Of beef, and bacon fat,
With sheaves of barley-bread, to make
Thy chaps to water at:

Here

Here stands my bottle, here my bag,
If thou can'st win them, roister:
Against thy sword and buckler here,
My sheep-hook is my master.

Benedicite, quoth our good king;
It never shall be said,
That Alfred of the shepherd's hook
Will stand a whit afraid.
So foundly thus they both fell to't,
And giving bang for bang;
At ev'ry blow the shepherd gave,
King Alfred's sword cry'd twang.

His buckler prov'd his chiefest fence;
For still the shepherd's hook
Was that the which king Alfred could
In no good manner brook.
At last, when they had fought four hours,
And it grew just mid-day,
And weary'd, both, with right good will
Desir'd each other's stay:

A truce, I crave, quoth Alfred then;
Good shepherd, hold thy hand;
A sturdier fellow than thyself
Lives not within the land:

Nor

Nor a lustier roister than thou art,
The churlish shepherd said :
To tell thee plain, thy thievish look
Now makes my heart afraid.

Else sure thou art some prodigal,
Which hast consum'd thy store,
And now com'st wand'ring in this place,
To rob and steal for more.
Deem not of me then, quoth our king,
Good shepherd, in this fort ;
A gentleman well known I am
In good king Alfred's court.

The devil thou art, the shepherd said ;
Thou go'st in rags all torn ;
Thou rather seem'st, I think, to be
Some beggar basely born :
But if thou wilt mend thy estate,
And here a shepherd be ;
At night, to Gillian, my sweet wife,
Thou shalt go home with me :

For she's as good a toothless dame,
As mumbleth on brown bread ;
Where thou shalt lie in hurden sheets,
Upon a fresh straw bed.

Of whig and whey we have good store,
And keep good pease-straw fire ;
And now and then good barley cakes,
As better days require.

But for my master, which is chief,
And lord of Newton-court,
He keeps, I say, his shepherd swains
In far more braver fort ;
We there have curds and clouted cream,
Of red cow's morning milk ;
And now and then fine butter'd cakes,
As soft as any filk.

Of beef and reised bacon store,
That is most fat and greasy,
We have likewise to feed our chaps,
And make them glib and easy.
Thus if thou wilt my man become,
This usage thou shalt have ;
If not, adieu ; go hang thy self ;
And so farewell, Sir Knave.

King Alfred hearing of this glee
The churlish shepherd said,
Was well content to be his man ;
So they a bargain made :

A penny

A penny round the shepherd gave,
 In earnest of this match,
 To keep his sheep in field and fold,
 As shepherds use to watch.

His wages shall be full ten groats,
 For service of a year;
 Yet was it not his use, old lad,
 To hire a man so dear:
 For did the king himself, quoth he,
 Unto my cottage come,
 He should not, for a twelve-month's pay,
 Receive a greater sum.

Hereat the bonny king grew blithe,
 To hear the clownish jest;
 How silly fots, as custom is,
 Do descant at the best.
 But not to spoil the foolish sport,
 He was content, good king,
 To fit the shepherd's humour right
 In ev'ry kind of thing.

A sheep-hook then, with Patch his dog,
 And tar-box by his side;
 He, with his master, cheek by joll,
 Unto old Gillian hy'd.

Into whose fight no sooner come ;
 Whom have you here ? quoth she ;
 A fellow, I doubt, will cut our throats ;
 So like a knave looks he.

Not so, old dame, quoth Alfred straight,
 Of me you need not fear ;
 My master hir'd me for ten groats,
 To serve you one whole year :
 So, good dame Gillian, grant me leave
 Within your house to stay ;
 For, by St. Anne, do what you can,
 I will not yet away.

Her churlish usage pleas'd him still,
 And put him to such proof,
 That he at night was almost choak'd
 Within that smoaky roof :
 But as he sat with smiling cheer,
 The event of all to see,
 His dame brought forth a piece of dough,
 Which in the fire throws she ;

Where lying on the hearth to bake,
 By chance, the cake did burn :
 What can'st thou not, thou lout, (quoth she)
 Take pains the same to turn ?

Thou art more quick to take it out,
And eat it up half dough,
Than thus to stay till 't be enough,
And so thy manners show.

But serve me such another trick,
I'll thwack thee on the snout:
Which made the patient king, good man,
Of her to stand in doubt.
But, to be brief, to bed they went,
The old man and his wife;
But never such a lodging had
King Alfred in his life;

For he was laid in white sheep's wool,
New pull'd from tanned fells;
And o're his head hang'd spiders webs,
As if they had been bells.
Is this the country guise? thought he;
Then here I will not stay,
But hence be gone, as soon as breaks
The peeping of next day.

The cackling hens and geese kept roost,
And perched at his side;
Where at the last, the watchful cock
Made known the morning tide:

Then up got Alfred, with his horn,
And blew so long a blast,
That it made Gillian and her groom,
In bed, full fore aghast.

Arise, quoth she, we are undone;
This night we lodged have,
At unawares, within our house,
A false dissembling knave:
Rise, husband, rise; he'll cut our throats;
He calleth for his mates:
I'd give, Old Will, our good cade lamb,
He would depart our gates.

But still king Alfred blew his horn
Before them more and more;
Till that an hundred lords and knights
All lighted at the door:
Who cry'd, All hail, all hail, good king!
Long have we fought your grace.
And here you find (my merry men all)
Your sov'reign in this place.

We surely must be hang'd up both,
Old Gillian I much fear,
The shepherd said, for using thus
Our good king Alfred here.

O pardon, my liege, quoth Gillian then,
For my husband, and for me :
By these ten bones, I never thought
The same that now I see.

And by my hook, the shepherd said,
(An oath both good and true)
Before this time, O noble king,
I ne're your highness knew :
Then pardon me and my old wife,
That we may after say,
When first you came into our house
It was a happy day.

It shall be done, said Alfred, straight ;
And Gillian, thy old dame,
For this her churlish using me
Deserveth not much blame :
For 'tis thy country guise, I see,
To be thus bluntish still ;
And where the plainest meaning is,
Remains the smallest ill.

And, master, lo, I tell thee now ;
For thy late manhood shown,
A thousand weathers I'll bestow
Upon thee for thy own ;

And

And pasture-ground, as much as will
Suffice to feed them all :
And this thy cottage I will change
Into a stately hall.

And for the same, as duty binds,
The shepherd said good king,
A milk-white lamb, once ev'ry year,
I'll to your highness bring :
And Gillian, my wife, likewise,
Of wool to make you coats,
Will give you as much at New-year's tide,
As shall be worth ten groats :

And in your praise, my bag-pipes shall
Sound sweetly once a year,
How Alfred, our renowned king,
Most kindly hath been here.
Thanks, shepherd, thanks, quoth he again :
The next time I come hither,
My lords with me, here in this house,
Will all be merry together.

IV.

A song of king Edgar, shewing how he was deceived
of his love.

The story upon which this ballad is founded may be seen in any of the general Histories of England. It has been the subject of three dramattick pieces; two by the late Aaron Hill, Esq. and the last by the Rev. Mr. Mason.

WHEN as king Edgar did govern this land,
Adown, adown, down, down, down,
And in the strength of his years he did stand,
Call him down a.
Such praise was spread of a gallant dame,
Which did through England carry great fame;
And she a lady of high degree,
The earl of Devonshire's daughter was she.
The king, who lately had buried the queen,
And not long time a widower been,
Hearing this praise of a gallant maid,
Upon her beauty his love he laid;
And in his mind he would often say,
I will send for that lady gay;
Yea, I will send for this lady bright,
Which is my treasure and delight:

Whose

Whose beauty, like to Phœbus' beams,
 Doth glitter through all christian realms.
 Then to himself he would reply,
 Saying, How fond a prince am I,
 To cast my love so base and low,
 Upon a girl I do not know?
 King Edgar will his fancy frame
 To have some peerless princely dame,
 The daughter of a royal king,
 That may a dainty dowry bring;
 Whose matchless beauty brought in place,
 May Estrild's colour clean disgrace.
 But senseless man, what do I mean,
 Upon a broken reed to lean?
 Or what fond fury did me move,
 Thus to abuse my dearest love?
 Whose visage grac'd with heav'nly hue,
 Doth Hellen's honour quite subdue,
 The glory of her beauteous pride,
 Sweet Estrild's favour doth deride:
 Then pardon my unseemly speech,
 Dear love and lady, I beseech:
 For I my thoughts will henceforth frame,
 To spread the honour of thy name.
 Then unto him he called a knight,
 Which was most trusty in his fight;
 And unto him thus he did say,
 To earl Orgator go thy way:
 Where ask for Estrild, comely dame,
 Whose beauty went so far for fame:

And if you find her comely grace,
As fame did spread in every place ;
Then tell her father, she shall be
My crowned queen, if she agree.
The knight in message did proceed,
And into Devonshire with speed :
But when he saw the lady bright,
He was so ravish'd at her sight,
That nothing could his passion move,
Except he might obtain her love :
For, day and night while there he staid,
He courted still this peerless maid,
And in his suit he shew'd such skill,
That at the length he gain'd her good-will :
Forgetting quite the duty tho',
Which he unto the king did owe.
Then coming home unto his grace,
He told him with dissembling face,
That those reporters were to blame,
That so advanc'd the maiden's name :
For I assure your grace, said he,
She is as other women be ;
Her beauty of such great report,
No better than the common sort,
And far unmeet in every thing
To match with such a noble king :
But tho' her face be nothing fair,
Yet sith she is her father's heir,
Perhaps some lord of high degree
Would very fain her husband be ;

Then

Then if your grace would give consent,
I would my self be well content
The damsel for my wife to take,
For her great lands and livings sake.
The king (whom thus he did deceive)
Incontinent did give him leave;
For on that point he did not stand,
For why, he had not need of land.
Then being glad, he went away,
And wedded straight this lady gay:
The fairest creature bearing life,
Had this false knight unto his wife;
And by that match of high degree,
An earl soon after that was he.
E're he long time had married been,
That many had her beauty seen;
Her praise was spread both far and near;
The king again thereof did hear;
Who then in heart did plainly prove,
He was betrayed of his love:
Though therefore he was vexed fore,
Yet seem'd he not to grieve therefore;
But kept his count'nance good and kind,
As tho' he bore no grudge in mind.
But on a day it came to pass,
When as the king full merry was,
To Ethelwood in sport he said,
I muse what cheer there should be made,
If to thy house I should resort
A night or two for princely sport?

Hereat

Hereat the earl shew'd count'nance glad,
Though in his heart he was full sad :
Saying, your grace shall welcome be,
If so your grace will honour me.
Then as the day appointed was,
Before the king did thither pass,
The earl before-hand did prepare
The king his coming to declare ;
And with a count'nance passing grim,
He call'd his lady unto him,
Saying, with sad and heavy chear,
I pray you, when the king comes here,
Sweet lady, as you tender me,
Let your attire but homely be ;
And wash not thou thy angel's face,
But so thy beauty clean disgrace ;
Thereto thy gesture so apply,
It may seem loathsome to the eye :
For if the king should there behold
Thy glorious beauty so extoll'd,
Then shall my life soon shorten'd be,
For my deserts and treachery.
When to thy father first I came,
Tho' I did not declare the same,
Yet was I put in trust to bring
The joyful tidings to the king ;
Who for thy glorious beauty seen,
Did think of thee to make his queen :
But when I had thy person found,
Thy beauty gave me such a wound,

No

No rest nor comfort could I take,
Till you, sweet love, my grief did slake:
And that tho' duty charged me
Most faithful to my lord to be;
Yet love, upon the other side,
Bid for my self I should provide:
Then for my suit and service shown,
At length I won you for my own;
And for my love in wedlock spent,
Your choice you need no whit repent:
Then since my grief I have exprefs'd,
Sweet lady, grant me my request.
Good words she gave with smiling chear,
Musing of that which she did hear;
And casting many things in mind,
Great fault therewith she seem'd to find;
But in her self she thought it shame,
To make that foul which God did frame.
Most costly robes full rich therefore,
In bravest sort that day she wore,
Doing all that e're she might
To set her beauty forth to fight:
And her best skill in every thing
She shew'd, to entertain the king.
Wherefore the king so 'snared was,
That reason quite from him did pass;
His heart by her was set on fire,
He had to her a great desire:
And for the looks he gave her then;
For every look she gave him ten.

Where-

Wherefore the king perceived plain,
 His love and looks were not in vain.
 Upon a time it chanced so,
 The king he would a hunting go;
 And as they through a wood did ride,
 The earl on horseback by his side;
 For so the story telleth plain,
 That with a shaft the earl was slain:
 So that when he had lost his life,
 He took the lady unto wife;
 Who marry'd her, all harm to shun,
 By whom he did beget a son.
 Thus he that did the king deceive,
 Did by desert his death receive.
 Then, to conclude and make an end,
 Be true and faithful to thy friend.

V.

How Coventry was made free by Godina, countess of
 Chester.

LEOFRICUS, that noble earl
 Of Chester, as I read,
 Did for the city of Coventry
 Many a noble deed:

Great

Great privileges for the town
 This noble man did get ;
 And of all things did make it so,
 That they toll-free did sit :

Save only that for horses still
 They did some custom pay,
 Which was great charges to the town,
 Full long and many a day :

Wherefore his wife Godina fair
 Did of the earl request,
 That thereof he would make it free,
 As well as all the rest.

So when that she long time had sued,
 Her purpose to obtain ;
 Her noble lord at length she took,
 When in a pleasant vein :

And unto him with smiling chear,
 She did forthwith proceed,
 Intreating greatly that he would
 Perform that goodly deed.

You move me much, my fair, quoth he,
 Your suit I fain would shun ;
 But what will you perform and do,
 To have this matter done ?

Why

Why any thing, my lord, (quoth she)
 You will with reason crave ;
 I will perform it with good will,
 If I my wish might have.

If thou wilt grant the thing, he said,
 That I shall now require,
 As soon as it is finished,
 Thou shalt have thy desire.

Command what you think good, my lord,
 I will thereto agree,
 On this condition, that the town
 For ever may be free.

If thou wilt but thy cloaths strip off,
 And by me lay them down,
 And at noon-day on horse-back ride
 Stark-naked through the town ;

They shall be free for evermore :
 If thou wilt not do so,
 More liberty than now they have,
 I never will bestow.

The lady, at this strange demand,
 Was much abash'd in mind ;
 And yet for to fulfil this thing,
 She never a whit repin'd.

Where.

Wherefore unto all officers
Of Coventry she sent,
That they perceiving her good will,
Which for the weal was bent ;

That on the day that she should ride,
All persons through the town
Should keep their houses shut, and doors,
And clap their windows down ;

So that no creature, young or old,
Should in the streets be seen,
Till she had ridden all about,
Throughout the city clean.

And when the day of riding came,
No person did her see,
Saving her lord ; after which time
The town was ever free.

VI.

A song to Ælle, lord of the Castell of Brystowe, in
daies of yore.

About the year 920, Ælle was governor of the castle of Bristol, and gained many signal victories over the Danes, particularly at Watchet. The following song was made to the memory of this chief by Thomas Rowle, a Carmelite-friar, and father-confessor to William Cannynge, founder of St. Mary Redcliffe church. It was written in the year 1468, and the original is now in the hands of Mr. Barret, surgeon in Bristol.

O THOU (or whate remaynes of thee)
Ælle, the darlynge of futuritee !
Lette thys mie songe bolde as thie courage bee,
As everlastynge to posteritee !
Whanne Dacyas' sonnes, with hair of blood-red hue,
Lyke kynge-coppes brastyng with the mornyge dewe,

Arraung'd in drear arraye
Upon the lethale daye,
Spredde, farre and wyde, on Watchet's shore ;
Thenne dydst thou brondeous stonde,
And, with thie burlye honde,
Bespryngedde all the mees wythe gore ;

Drawn by thyne anlace fell,
Down to the depthes of hell
Thoufands of Dacyans went;
Bryftowans, menne of myghte,
Ydar'd the blodie fyghte,
And acted deedes full quent.

O thou! where'ere (thie bones att rest)
Thie fpryte to haunte delyghteth beft,
Whether on the blod-embrued playne,
Or where thou keen'ft from far
The blatant cryes of warre,
Or feeft fome mountayne made of hepes of flayne;

Or feeft the hatchedde ftede
Yprauncynge o'er the mede
And neigh to be amongeft the poyntedde fperes;
Or, in black armour, ftalk'ft arounde,
Embattede Bristowe, once thie grounde,
And glow'ft ardorous onne the caſtle ſteers;

Or fierie round the mynfterne glare;
Let Bristowe ſtill bee made thie care:
Guarde it fromme fomenne and confumynge fyre;
Lyke Avon's ſtreame encyrque it rounde,
Ne lette a flamme enharme the grounde
Tyll ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.

VII.

The valiant courage and policy of the Kentishmen, which overcame William the Conqueror, who sought to take from them their ancient laws and customs, which they retain to this day.

The following account of the event which gave rise to this ballad, is extracted from the lives of the three Norman kings of England, by Sir John Heyward, 4to. 1613, p. 97. "Further, by the counsaile of Stigand, Archb. of Canterbury, and of Eglisine, Abbot of Saint Augustines (who at that time were the chiefe governours of Kent) as the king was riding towards Dover, at Swanescombe, two mile from Gravesend, the Kentishmen came towards him armed, and bearing boughs in their hands, as if it had bene a mooving wood; they enclosed him upon the sudden, and with a firme countenance, but words well tempered with modestie and respect, they demanded of him the use of their ancient liberties and lawes: that in other matters they would yield obedience unto him: that without this they desired not to live. The king was content to strike saile to the storme, and to give them a vaine satisfaction for the present; knowing right well, that the generall customes and lawes of the residue of the realme, would in short time overflow these particular places. So pledges being given on both sides, they conducted him to Rochester, and yielded the countie of Kent, and the castle of Dover into his power."

This ballad is printed from an old black letter volume, called, The Garland of Delight.

WHEN as the duke of Normandy,
 With glistering spear and shield,
 Had entered into fair England,
 And foil'd his foes in field :

On christmas-day in solemn sort
 Then was he crowned here,
 By Albert archbishop of York,
 With many a noble peer.

Which being done, he changed quite
 The customs of this land,
 And punisht such as daily fought
 His statutes to withstand :

And many cities he subdu'd,
 Fair London with the rest ;
 But Kent did still withstand his force,
 And did his laws detest.

To Dover then he took his way,
 The castle down to fling,
 Which Arviragus builded there,
 The noble British king.

Which when the brave archbishop bold
 Of Canterbury knew,
 The abbot of Saint Augustines eke,
 With all their gallant crew,

They fet themselves in armour bright,
These mischiefs to prevent
With all the yeomen brave and bold
That were in fruitful Kent.

At Canterbury did they meet
Upon a certain day,
With sword and spear, with bill and bow,
And stopt the conquerors way.

Let us not yield like bond-men poor
To French-men in their pride,
But keep our ancient liberty,
What chance so ere betide,

And rather dye in bloody field,
With manly courage prest,
Then to endure the servile yoke,
Which we so much detest.

Thus did the Kentish commons cry
Unto their leaders still,
And so march'd forth in warlike fort,
And stand at Swancomb-hill,

There in the woods they hid themselves,
Under the shadow green,
Thereby to get them vantage good,
Of all their foes unseen.

And

And for the conqueror's coming there,
 They privily laid wait,
 And thereby suddenly appal'd
 His lofty high conceit ;

For when they spyed his approach,
 In place as they did stand,
 Then marched they to him with speed,
 Each one a bough in hand,

So that unto the conqueror's sight,
 Amazed as he stood,
 They seem'd to be a walking grove
 Or else a moving wood.

The shape of men he could not see,
 The boughs did hide them so :
 And now his heart with fear did quake,
 To see a forest go ;

Before, behind, and on each side,
 As he did cast his eye,
 He spi'd the wood with sober pace,
 Approach to him full nigh :

But when the Kentishmen had thus
 Enclos'd the conqueror round,
 Most suddenly they drew their swords,
 And threw their boughs to ground,

Their banners they display in fight,
Their trumpets found a charge,
Their ratling drums strike up alarms,
Their troops stretch out at large.

The conqueror with all his train,
Were hereat fore agast,
And most in peril, when they thought
All peril had been past.

Unto the Kentishmen he sent,
The cause to understand,
For what intent, and for what cause
They took this war in hand ;

To whom they made this short reply,
For liberty we fight,
And to enjoy king Edward's laws,
The which we hold our right.

Then said the dreadful conqueror,
You shall have what you will,
Your ancient customs and your laws,
So that you will be still,

And each thing else that you will crave
With reason at my hand,
So you will but acknowledge me
Chief king of fair England.

The Kentish-men agreed thereon,
And laid their arms aside,
And by this means king Edward's laws
In Kent doth still abide,

And in no place in England else
Those customs do remain,
Which they by manly policy
Did of duke William gain.

VIII.

THE BRAVE MEN OF KENT.

This ballad is of a later date, but being upon the same subject, we have introduced it here. It is the production of Tom Durfey, and was written the beginning of this century.

WHEN Harold was invaded,
And falling lost his crown;
And Norman William waded
Thro' gore to pull him down;

When countrys round with fear profound,
To mend their sad condition ;
And lands to save, base homage gave,
Bold Kent make no submission.

Cho. Sing, sing in praise of men of Kent,
So loyal brave and free ;
'Mongst Briton's race, if one surpass,
A man of Kent is he.

The hardy stout free-holders,
That knew the tyrant near ;
In girdles, and on shoulders,
A grove of oaks did bear :
Whom when he saw in battle draw,
And thought how he might need 'em ;
He turn'd his arms, allow'd their terms,
Compleat with noble freedom :

And when by barons wrangling,
Hot faction did increase,
And vile intestine jangling,
Had banish'd England's peace,
The men of Kent to battle went,
They fear'd no wild confusion ;
But join'd with York, soon did the work,
And made a blest conclusion :

At hunting, or the race too,
They sprightly vigour shew ;
And at a female chase too,
None like a Kentish beau ;

All blest with health, and as for wealth,
By fortunes kind embraces ;
A yeoman grey shall oft out-weigh,
A knight in other places :

The generous, brave and hearty,
All o'er the shire we find ;
And for the low-church party,
They're of the brightest kind :
For king and laws, they prop the cause,
Which high-church has confounded ;
They love with height the moderate right,
But hate the crop-ear'd round-head :

The promis'd land of blessing,
For our forefathers meant ;
Is now, in right possessing,
For Canaan sure was Kent :
The dome at Knoll, by fame enroll'd
The church at Canterbury ;
The hops, the beer, the cherrys here,
May fill a famous story.

General Wolfe being a native of Kent, on his death the following stanza was added to this ballad.

Augmented still in story
Their ancient fame shall rise,
And Wolfe with matchless glory,
High soaring reach the skies :

Quebec

Quebec shall own his great renown,
 And France with awful wonder,
 His deeds can tell, how great he fell,
 Amidst his godlike thunder.

IX.

MEMORABLES OF THE MONTGOMERIES.

Reprinted from a pamphlet published in 4to. at Glasgow, 1770, by Robert and Andrew Foulis, and there said to be printed from the only copy known to remain, which had been preserved above sixty years by the care of Hugh Montgomerie, senior, at Eaglesham, long one of the factors of the family of Eglintoun.

A NOBLE Roman was the root
 From which Montgomeries came,
 Who brought his legion from the war
 And settled the same

Upon a hill 'twixt Rome and Spain,
 * Gomericus by name ;
 From which he and his off-spring do
 Their fir-name still retain.

* Mons Gomericus,

From

From this unto the wars of France,
Their valour did them bring,
That they great instruments might be,
To save the Gallic king:

Here with great splendor and renown,
Six centuries they spend:
At length for England they set sail;
Ambition hath no end.

On British ground they land at length,
Rodger must general be,
A cousin of the conqueror's,
And fittest to supplie

The greatest post into the field,
The army then leads he
Into a camp, Hastings by name,
In Suffex where you'll see

The marks of camps unto this day;
And where you'll hear it told,
The English king did them attack
Most like a captain bold.

But soon, alas! he found it vain,
With Rodger arms to try:
This warry officer prepares,
His projects to defy.

The

The strong attacks he then observes,
Which made him thence to dread,
That England's king might be among
Those who charg'd with such speed :

The life-guards straight he ordered,
Their fury to defend ;
Where Harold, England's king at once,
His crown and life did end.

Whence to the conqueror did come
The English scepter great,
And William, England's king declar'd,
To London came in state.

* Earl Rodger then the greatest man,
Next to the king was thought ;
And nothing that he could desire,
But it to him was brought.

Montgomery town, Montgomery shire
And earl of Shresburie,
And Arundale do shew this man,
Of grandeur full to be.

Thus did he live all this king's reign :
For works of piety,
He built an abbacie, and then
Prepar'd himself to die.

* Dugdale's Baronage, and Histories of England.

At last king William yields to fate ;
 And then his second son
 Mounts on the throne, which had almost
 The kingdom quite undone :

Some for the eldest son stand up,
 As Rodger's sons did all :
 But the usurper keeps the throne,
 Which did begin their fall.

Then Philip into Scotland came,
 Unable to endure ;
 That they who earldoms had possess'd,
 Of nought should be secure.

The king of Scots well knew the worth
 Of men of noble race,
 Who in no times of ages past,
 Their worth did once deface.

He in the Merse gives Philip lands,
 Which afterwards he soon,
 With the black Douglass did exchange
 For Eastwood and Ponoon,

Where many ages they did live,
 By king and country lov'd ;
 As men of valour and renown,
 Who were with honour mov'd

To shun no hazard, when they could
To either service do :
Thus did they live, thus did they spend
Their blood and money too :

At last earl Douglass did inform,
That to our king's disgrace :
An English earl had deeply swore,
He'd hunt in Chevy Chase ;

And maugre all that Scots could do
Would kill and bear away
The choicest deer of Otterburn,
And best of harts would slay.

Our king sent his commands unto
Sir Hugh Montgomerie,
And told him Douglass wanted men
Who fight could, but not flee.

* The stout sir Hugh himself prepares,
The Douglass to support ;
And with him took his eldest son ;
Then did they all resort

Unto the field, with their brave men,
Where most of them did die ;
Of fifteen hundred warlike Scots
Came home but fifty-three.

* Histories of Scotland.

Douglas

Douglas was slain ; fir Hugh again
The battle did renew ;
He made no stand, with his own hand
The earl Percie he flew.

Sir Hugh was slain, fir John maintain'd
The honour of the day ;
And with him brought the victory,
And Percy's son away.

He with his ransom built Ponoon,
A castle which yet stands ;
The king well pleas'd as a reward
Did therefore give him lands.

And some time after gave his niece,
Of Eglintoun the heir,
To fir Hugh's representative ;
Thus joined was this pair.

As with her came a great estate ;
So by her did descend,
Her royal blood to * Lennox house,
Which did in Darnly end,

Who father was to James the sixth,
Of Britain the first king,
Whose royal race unto this day,
Doth o'er great Britain reign.

* Earl of Lennox.

Since

Since you are come of royal blood,
 And kings are sprung from you,
 See that with greatest zeal and love,
 Those virtues ye pursue,

Which to those honours rais'd your house,
 And shall without all stain,
 In heralds books your ensigns flowr'd,
 And counter-flowr'd maintain.

X.

How king Henry the first had his children drowned in
 the sea, as they came out of France.

Reprinted from The Garland of Delight.

AFTER our royal king
 Had foil'd his foes in France,
 And spent the pleasant spring
 His honour to advance ;

Into fair England he return'd
 With fame and victory,
 That time the subjects of this land
 Receiv'd him joyfully.

But

But at his home return
His children left he still
In France for to sojourn
To purchase learned skill:

Duke William with his brother dear,
Lord Richard was his name,
Which was the earl of Chester then,
And thirsted after fame,

The king's fair daughter eke,
The lady Mary bright,
With divers noble peers,
And many a hardy knight:

All these were left together there
In pleasures and delight,
When that our king to England came,
After the bloody fight.

But when fair Flora had
Drawn forth her treasure dry,
That winter cold and sad
With hoary head drew nigh;

Those princes all with one consent,
Prepared all things meet,
To pass the seas for fair England,
Whose sight to them was sweet.

To England let us hye,
Thus every one did say,
For Christmas draweth nigh,
No longer let us stay

But spend the christmas-time
Within our father's court,
Where lady Pleasure doth attend,
With many a princely sport.

To sea those princes went,
Fulfil'd with mirth and joy :
But this their merriment
Did turn to dear annoy.

The sailors and the shipmen all,
Through foul excess of wine,
Were so disguis'd that on the sea
They show'd themselves like swine ;

The stern no man could guide,
The master sleeping lay,
The sailors all beside
Went reeling every way,

So that the ship at random rode
Upon the foaming flood,
Whereby in peril of their lives
The princes always stood.

Which made distilling tears
From their fair eyes to fall;
Their hearts were fill'd with fears,
No help they had at all:

They wisht themselves upon the land
A thousand times and more,
And at the last they came in fight
Of England's pleasant shore.

Then every one began
To turn their sighs to smiles;
Their colour pale and wan,
A chearful look exiles:

The princely lords most lovingly
Their ladies did imbrace;
For now in England shall we be
(Quoth they) in little space.

Take comfort then (they said)
Behold the land at last;
Then be no more dismay'd,
The worst is gone and past.

But while they did this joyful hope
With comfort entertain,
The goodly ship upon a rock,
In sunder burst in twain.

With that a grievous shriek
Among them there was made,
And every one did seek
On something to be staid ;

But all in vain such help they sought,
The ship so soon did sink ;
That in the sea they were constrain'd,
To take their latest drink.

There might you see the lords
And ladies for to lie
Amidst the salt sea foam,
With many a grievous cry :

Still labouring for life's defence
With stretched arms abroad,
And lifting up their lilly hands,
For help with one accord.

But as good fortune would,
The sweet young duke did get
Into the cock-boat then,
Where safely he did sit :

But when he heard his sister cry,
The king's fair daughter dear,
He turn'd his boat to take her in,
Whose death did draw so near,

But

But while he strove to take
His sweet young sister in,
The rest such shift did make
In sea as they did swim,

That to the boat a number got,
So many, as at the last
The boat, and all that were therein,
Were drown'd and over-cast,

Of lords and gentlemen,
And ladies fair of face,
Not one escaped then,
Which was a heavy case.

Threescore and ten were drown'd in all,
And none escaped death,
But one poor butcher which had swom
Himself quite out of breath.

This was most heavy news
Unto our comely king,
Who did all mirth refuse,
This word when they did bring :

For by this means no child he had
His kingdom to succeed,
Whereby his sister's son was king,
As you shall plainly read.

XI.

A song of the strange lives of two young princes of England, who became shepherds on Salisbury-plain, and were afterwards restored to their former estates.

The following song has something too romantick in it to be taken for fact; or if it be grounded on history, it has been so very much altered, that there is scarce a possibility of knowing it again. Certain it is, there is no discovering any trace of such a story under the reign of king Stephen; if there is any foundation at all for the facts, they probably happened under that of his successor Henry the second.

IN kingly Stephen's reign,
Two royal dukes there was,
That all our English lords,
For greatness far did pass.
The one of Devonshire nam'd,
That had a daughter fair,
Which he appointed at his death,
To be his only heir.

And her in love commits
Unto the Cornwall duke,
Whom he with tenderness and care,
Most kindly undertook :

The promise being made,
The duke of Devonshire dies,
And all that Cornwall vow'd to do,
He afterwards denies.

Yet well he educates the maid,
That Maudlin she was grown
The fairest lady under heaven,
For beauty being known :
And many princes fought for love,
But none might her obtain,
For covetous Cornwall to himself
The dukedom fought to gain,

Upon a time prince Raymund chanc'd
This comely dame to see,
With whom he fell so deep in love,
As any prince might be :
Unhappy youth, what should he do ?
He still was kept in mew,
Nor he, nor any of his friends,
Admitted to her view.

One while he melancholy pines
Himself with grief away,
Anon he thinks by force of arms,
To win her if he may :

Until at length commanding love
 Became to be his judge,
 And chang'd him soon from lordly state,
 Into a kitchen drudge.

And so access he had, good prince,
 His purpose to bewray:
 But still fair Maudlin's answer was,
 She husbandless would stay:
 Mean while her guardian beat his brains,
 Her dukedom to atchieve,
 Not caring what become of her,
 So he by her might thrive.

And so resolving that she should
 Unto some peasant wed,
 And Raymund then suppos'd a drudge,
 Should stand him in that stead:
 But Maudlin marking his intent,
 Unkindly takes that he
 Should bar the noble match from her,
 Thus for a base degree.

The lady shifting out of doors,
 Departed then by stealth,
 Than thus with baseness for to match,
 That might have liv'd in wealth.

When Raymund heard of her escape,
 With sad and grieved heart,
 He left the palace of the duke,
 And after did depart.

Forgetful of himself and birth,
 His country, friends, and all,
 And minding only her to seek,
 That thus had prov'd his thrall :
 Nor meant he after to frequent
 The court, or stately towns,
 But liv'd with pinching cares and grief,
 Amongst the country grounds.

A brace of years upon that plain,
 Near Salisbury that lies,
 In great content with feeding flocks,
 A shepherd's life he tries,
 In hopes his love thereby to waste ;
 But then began again,
 Within his heart a second love,
 The worser of the twain.

A country wench, a neat-herd's maid,
 Where Raymund kept his sheep,
 Did feed her drove, with whom this prince
 In love was wounded deep :

Where

Where fitting on the downy plain,
 And having small to do,
 These shepherds there in friendly sort,
 Thus plainly 'gan to wooe.

I know, fair maid, quoth Raymund then,
 And thou as well as I,
 No maid there is that willingly
 With maidenhead would die:
 The ploughman's labour hath no end,
 And he will churlish prove,
 The tradesman hath more work in hand
 Than doth belong to love.

The merchant venturing abroad,
 Suspects his wife at home:
 A youth will still the wanton play,
 An old man proves a mome.
 Then chuse a shepherd, bonny girl,
 Whose life is merriest still,
 For merrily he spends his days,
 Thus on the fair green hill.

And then at night when day is done,
 Goes home from thence betime,
 And in the fire turns a crab,
 And sings some merry rhyme;

Nor

Nor lacks he tales, while round about
The nut-brown bowl doth trot,
And fitting finging cares away,
Till he to bed be got.

There sleeps he foundly all the night,
Forgetting morrow's cares,
Nor fears the blasting of his corn,
Nor uttering of his wares :
And this I know full well, fair lasfs,
More quiet nights and days
The shepherd sleeps and wakes, than he
Whose cattle he doth graze.

A king I fee is but a man,
And so sweet lasfs am I,
Content is worth a monarchy,
And mischiefs shoot full high ;
As late it did unto a duke,
Not dwelling far from hence
Who had a daughter, save thyself,
On earth the fairest wench.

With that, good foul, she stay'd and figh'd
Speak on, quoth she, and tell
How fair she was, and who she was,
That thus did bear the bell.

She

She was, quoth he, of stately grace,
Of countenance most fair,
No maid alive for beauty's prize,
May well with her compare.

A glove-like head, a golden hair,
A forehead smooth and high,
A seemly nose, on either side
Did shine a greyish eye :
Two rosy cheeks, and ruddy lips,
White ivory teeth within,
A mouth in mean, and underneath
A round and dimpled chin.

A snow-white neck with bluish veins,
To make her seem more fair,
Yea, all her body fram'd so fine,
That earth had none more rare,
For life, for love, for form, for face,
None fairer was than she,
And none but only she alone
So fair a maid could be.

I knew the lady well (quoth she :)
But worthless of such praise :
But credit me, no shepherd thou,
Thy speeches thee bewrays :

With that he wept, and she was wot,
 And both did filence keep,
 And equally perplex'd in love,
 They set them down to weep.

In sooth (quoth he) I am not such
 As seeming I profess,
 To be a prince's son by birth,
 My liking shews no less:
 In Scotland is my father's court,
 And Raymund is my name:
 With Cornwall's duke I liv'd in pomp,
 Till love controll'd the same.

And did this lady dearly love,
 Although she lov'd not me:
 But now that love is wasted quite,
 And now I die for thee.
 I grant (quoth she) you lov'd her well,
 If that your love were such,
 Yet think of me your second love,
 In love to be as much.

Your twice beloved Maudlin here
 Submits herself to thee,
 And what she could not at the first,
 The second time shall be:

In

In fortune, not in person chang'd;
 For I am still the same,
 In heart and mind as chaste and true
 As first to me you came.

Thus sweetly surfeiting in joy,
 They tenderly embrace,
 And for their wished wedding-day,
 Found fitting time and place:
 And so these lovely princes both
 Each other did befriend,
 Where after many a hard mishap,
 Their loves had joyful end.

XII.

King Henry the second crowning his son Henry in his life-time, shortly after the young king makes war against his father: And being visited with sickness, and troubled in conscience, begs forgiveness. His father sending his ring in token thereof, the young king deploring his wretched life, caused himself to be drawn with a halter from the bed where he lay, and laid on a bed bestrewed with ashes, and so died penitently.

Historians all agree, that no prince who ever sat on the English throne deserved better of his subjects and his children, than Henry the second; and yet, that no monarch ever received more ungrateful returns than he did from the latter. The subject of this ballad relates to the death of his eldest son; an account of which we shall give the reader extracted from Speed's history, p. 468. "Thus was his life
" cut off like a weaver's thread (say authors*), who had
" by dying cut off the hope of many: But whatsoever
" his life was, which God thus shortned at his age of
" twentie and eight yeeres, certainly his death was not
" inglorious, but worthy to be set out in tables at large, as
" a pattern to disobedient children: for his father refusing
" to visite him (fearing his own life) but sending his ring
" in signe of forgiveness, the dying prince most humbly with
" floods of teares kissing the same, made a most sorrowfull
" confession of his sinnes, and feeling death approach, would
" needs be drawne (as an unworthy sinner) out of his
" own bed, and laid upon another, strewed with ashes,
" where his soule departed in a most penitent manner from
" his body; which being related to the father, hee fell upon
" the earth, weeping bitterly, and like another David for
" his Absolon, mourned very much."

This also is reprinted from The Garland of Delight.

YOU parents whose affections fond
Upon your children doth appear,
Mark well the story now in hand,
Wherein you shall great matters hear;
And learn by this which shall be told,
To hold your children still in awe,
Lest otherwise they prove too bold,
And set not by your state a straw.

* Reg. Wend, M^t. Matt. Paris, Thom. Walsypodie Neust.

King Henry, second of that name,
For very love that he did bear
Unto his son, whose courteous fame
Did through the land his credit rear,
Did call the prince upon a day
Unto the court in royal fort,
Attired in most rich array,
And there he made him princely sport ;

And afterward he took in hand,
For fear he should deceived be,
To crown him king of fair England,
While life possesse his majesty,
What time the king in humble fort,
Like to a subject waited then
Upon his son, and by report
Swore unto him his noble men.

And by this means in England now
Two kings at once together live ;
But lordly rule will not allow
In partnership their days to drive ;
The son therefore ambitiously
Doth seek to pull his father down,
By bloody war and sublety,
To take from him his princely crown.

Sith I am king (thus did he say)
Why should I not both rule and reign ?
My heart disdains for to obey ;
Yea all or nothing will I gain.

Hereon

Hereon he raised armies great,
And draws a number to this part,
His father's force downright to beat,
And with his spear to pierce his heart.

In seven set battles did he fight
Against his loving father dear,
To overthrow him in despight
To win himself a kingdom clear.
But nought at all could he prevail,
His armies always had the worst:
Such grief did then his heart assail,
He thought himself of God accurst.

And therefore falling wondrous sick
He humbly to his father sent;
The worm of conscience did him prick,
And his vile deeds he did lament:
Requiring that his noble grace,
Would now forget all that was past,
And come to him in heavy case,
Being at point to breath his last.

When this word came unto our king,
The news did make him wondrous woe,
And unto him he sent his ring,
Where he in person would not go.

Commend me to my son he said,
So sick in bed as he doth lye,
And tell him I am well apaid
To hear he doth for mercy cry :

The lord forgive his foul offence,
And I forgive them all (quoth he)
His evil with good Ile recompence,
Bear him this message now from me.
When that the prince did see the ring,
He kissed it in joyful wise ;
And for his faults his hands did wring,
While bitter tears gusht from his eyes :

Then to his lords that stood him nigh,
With feeble voice then did he call ;
Desiring them immediately
To strip him from his garments all.
Take off from me these robes so rich,
And lay me in a cloath of hair :
Quoth he my grievous sins are such,
Hell fire's flame I greatly fear.

A hempen halter then he took,
About his neck he put the same,
And with a grievous pitious look
His speech unto them he did frame :

You

You reverend bishops more and lets,
 Pray for my soul to God on high;
 For like a thief I do confess,
 I have deserved for to dye,

 And therefore by this halter here,
 I yield myself unto you all,
 A wretch unworthy to appear
 Before my God celestial.
 Therefore within that hempen bed,
 All strew'd with ashes as it is,
 Let me be laid when I am dead,
 And draw me thereunto by this:

 Yea, by this halter strong and tough,
 Drag forth my carcass to the same,
 Yet is that couch not bad enough,
 For my vile body wrapt in shame.
 And when you see me lie along,
 Bepowdered in ashes there;
 Say, there is he that did such wrong
 Unto his father every where.

 And with that word he breath'd his last;
 Wherefore according to his mind,
 They drew him up by the neck full fast
 Unto the place by him assign'd.
 And afterward in solemn sort
 At Roan in France buried was he,
 Where many princes did resort
 To his most royal obsequy.

XIII.

The unfortunate Concubine; or, Rosamond's overthrow. Occasion'd by her brother's unadvisedly praising her beauty to two young knights of Salisbury, as they rid on the road.

In Dr. Percy's Reliques of Antient Poetry, vol. II. another ballad on the story of this lady is to be found. Prefixed to it the doctor hath given a very full account of her history, and entered into a minute enquiry concerning the circumstances of her life, and the mistakes of several of our historians about it. To this account, as the fullest and most accurate on the subject, we refer the reader.

SWEET, youthful, charming ladies fair,
Fram'd of the purest mold,
With rosy cheeks, and filken hair,
Which shine like threads of gold :
Soft tears of pity here bestow
On the unhappy fate
Of Rosamond, who long ago
Prov'd most unfortunate.

When as the second Henry reign'd
On the imperial throne,
How he this beauteous flower gain'd,
To you I shall make known :

With

With all the circumstances too
 Which did her life attend ;
 How first she into favour grew,
 And of her fatal end.

As three young knights of Sal'sbury
 Were riding on the way,
 One boasted of a fair lady,
 Within her bow'r so gay :
 I have a sister, Clifford swears,
 But few men do her know ;
 Upon her face the skin appears
 Like drops of blood on snow.

My sister's locks of curled hair
 Outshine the golden ore ;
 Her skin for whiteness may compare
 With the fine lilly flow'r :
 Her breasts are lovely to behold,
 Like to the driven snow :
 I would not, for her weight in gold,
 King Henry should her know.

King Henry had a bower near
 Where they were riding by,
 And he did Clifford over-hear :
 Thought he immediately,

Tho' I her brother shou'd offend
For that fair white and red ;
For her I am resolv'd to send,
To grace my royal bed.

The king, who was of high renown,
Wou'd not his fancy pall ;
For having writ his pleasure down,
He did young Clifford call ;
Come here to me now out of hand,
Come hither unto me ;
I am the king of fair England ;
My messenger thou'lt be.

I to your sifter here have writ,
Three letters seal'd with gold ;
No messenger I think so fit
As you : Therefore, behold,
Convey them to her hand with speed ;
Make not the least delay :
My will and pleasure let her read,
And my commands obey.

Young Clifford then the letters took
From Henry's royal hand,
Tho' with a melancholly look,
And mounted out of hand :

Soft

Soft tears bedimm'd his noble fight,
His grieved heart was sad ;
Altho' he was as brave a knight
As any Henry had.

With that this noble knight of fame
Rid on without delay,
Until he to the bower came,
Which was both rich and gay :
She cry'd, when he knock'd at the ring,
Who raps so fierce and bold ?
Sister, I've brought you from the king
Three letters seal'd with gold.

Then with her fingers, long and small,
She broke the seals of gold ;
And as she did to reading fall
At first, you might behold
The smiles of pleasant sweet delight,
As if well satisfy'd ;
But e're she had concluded quite,
She wrung her hands, and cry'd :

Why did you boast beyond your bounds,
When Oxford you did see ?
You might have talk'd of hawks and hounds,
And never bragg'd of me.

When by the king I am defil'd,
My father's griefs begin ;
He'll have no comfort of his child,
Nor come to my wedding.

Go fetch me down my planet-book
Straight from my private room ;
For in the same I mean to look,
What is decreed my doom.
The planet-book to her they brought,
And laid it on her knee ;
She found that all would come to nought,
For poison'd she should be.

I curse you, brother, then she cry'd,
Who caus'd my destiny ;
I might have been some lord's fair bride,
But you have ruin'd me.
With that, she call'd her waiting-maid,
To bring her riding weed ;
And to her groom she likewise said,
Saddle my milk white steed.

Some ride before her, to report
Her coming to the king ;
As she approach'd the royal court,
Sweet peals of bells did ring.

A garland o're her head they bore,
To magnify her charms;
And as she came the king before,
He clasp'd her in his arms.

With blushes then she did beseech
The king on her bare knee;
Her words were these, I pray my liege,
What is your will with me?
Said he, I sent for thee, my Rose,
To grace my royal bed:
Now, as he did his mind disclose,
She blushed scarlet red.

Blush not, my fairest Rosamond;
Fear no disastrous fate;
For, by my kingly pow'r I can
Place thee in happy state:
No lady in this court of mine
Can purchase thy desert;
Whose pleasant looks, and charms divine,
Have won my royal heart.

The gifts and presents of a king,
Soon caus'd her to comply;
Thinking there was not any thing
Like royal dignity.

But as her bright and golden scene
In court began to shine,
The news was carry'd to the queen
Of this new concubine;

At which she was enraged so
With malice in her breast,
That till she wrought her overthrow,
She could not be at rest.
She felt the fury of the queen,
E're she had flourish'd long;
And dy'd, just as she had forseen,
By force of poison strong.

The angry queen with malice fraught,
Cou'd not herself contain,
Till she fair Rosamond had brought
To her sad fatal bane.
The sweet and charming precious Rose,
King Henry's chief delight!
The queen she to the bower goes,
And wrought her hateful spight:

But when she to the bower came,
Where lady Clifford lay,
Enraged Ellinor by name
She could not find the way:

Until the filken clue of thread
 Became a fatal guide
 Unto the queen who laid her dead,
 E're she was satisfy'd.

Alas ! it was no small surprize
 To Rosamond the fair :
 When death appear'd before her eyes,
 No faithful friend was there,
 Who could stand up in her defence,
 To put the potion by ;
 So, by the hands of violence,
 Compell'd she was to dye.

O most renowned, gracious queen,
 Compassion take of me ;
 I wish that I had never seen
 Such royal dignity.
 Betray'd I was, and by degrees
 A sad consent I gave ;
 And now upon my bended knees,
 I do your pardon crave.

I will not pardon you, she cry'd ;
 So take this fatal cup :
 And you may well be satisfy'd,
 I'll see you drink it up.

Then,

Then, with her fair and milk-white hand,
The fatal cup she took ;
Which being drank, she could not stand,
But soon the world forfook.

Now when the king was well inform'd
What Ellinor had done,
His breast he smote, in wrath he storm'd,
As if he would have run
Besides his senses ; and he swore,
For this inhuman deed,
He never would bed with her more ;
His royal heart did bleed.

The king did not stand pausing long,
How to reward her spleen ;
But straight in a close prison strong
He cast his cruel queen :
Where she lay six and twenty years,
A long captivity,
Bathed in floods of weeping tears,
Till his death set her free.

Now when her son he did succeed
His father, great Henry ;
His royal mother soon he freed
From her captivity :

And

And she set many more at large,
Who long for debt had lain;
Her royal pity did discharge
Thousands in Richard's reign.

XIV.

The lamentation of queen Elinor, wife to king Henry the second, being kept twenty-six years in prison, who was the cause the king's sons so unnaturally rebelled against their father: Whom her son Richard when he came to be king released. And how at her deliverance she caused many prisoners to be set at liberty.

The circumstances of this ballad appear to be founded on fact. Dr. Percy, vol. II. hath given some account of this lady, to which we must again refer the reader.

Reprinted from The Garland of Delight.

THREE woe is me unhappy queen,
Thus to offend my gracious lord,
My foul offence too plain is seen,
And of good people much abhorrd.
I do confess my fault it was,
These bloody wars came thus to pass,

My

My jealous mind hath wrought my woe,
Let all good ladies shun mistrust,
My envy wrought my overthrow,
And by my malice most unjust,
My sons did seek their father's life,
By bloody wars and cruel strife.

What more unkindness could be shown
To any prince of high renown;
Then by his queen and love alone,
To stand in danger of his crown?
For this offence most worthily
In doleful prison do I lye.

But that which most torments my mind,
And makes my grievous heart complain,
Is for to think that most unkind,
I brought myself to such disdain,
That now the king cannot abide
I should be lodged by his side.

In doleful prison I am cast,
Debarr'd of princely company;
The king's good will quite have I lost,
And purchast naught but infamy;
And never must I see him more,
Whose absence grieves my heart full fore,

Full sixteen winters have I been
 Imprisoned in this dungeon deep,
 Whereby my joys are wasted clean,
 Where my poor eyes have learn'd to weep,
 And never since I could attain
 His kingly love to me again,

Too much indeed I must confess,
 I did abuse his royal grace ;
 And by my great maliciousness
 His wrong I wrought in every place ;
 And thus his love I turn'd to hate
 Which I repent, but all too late.

Sweet Rosamond that was so fair,
 Out of her curious bower I brought ;
 A poisoned cup I gave her there,
 Whereby her death was quickly wrought :
 The which I did with all despite,
 Because she was the king's delight.

Thus often did the queen lament,
 As she in prison long did lye ;
 Her former deeds she did repent,
 With many watery weeping eye :
 But at the last this news was spread,
 The king was on a sudden dead.

But

But when she heard these tydings told,
 Most bitterly she mourned then,
 Her woful heart she did unfold
 In fight of many noble men.
 And her son Richard being king,
 From doleful prision did her bring :

Who set her for to rule his land,
 While to Jerufalem he went ;
 And while she had his charge in hand,
 Her care was great in government,
 And many prisioners there in hold
 She set at large from irons cold.

XV.

A princely song of king Richard Cordelion, and of his
 bold courage, and lamentable death.

A NOBLE christian warrior,
 King Richard of this land ;
 For fame amongst our worthies brave,
 Now orderly may stand :
 The god of battels gave him still
 A gallant great command,
 To fight for our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Richard

Richard Cordelion in this land,
 A noble English name ;
 It fills the world with wonders great,
 With honour and with fame :
 Then gallantly good soldiers all,
 Come thunder out the fame,
 That fights, &c.

When as fair Jerufalem,
 The city of our lord,
 Lay mourning all in heaviness,
 Consumed by the sword ;
 To succour her, all Christendom
 Did willingly accord :
 And to fight, &c.

Then marched forth most brave and bold
 King Richard from the land,
 Of noble knights and gentlemen,
 With him a warlike band ;
 To fight for Jesus Christ his name,
 So long as he could stand :
 All soldiers of our Saviour, &c.

But by the way such chances there
 King Richard did betide,
 That many of his soldiers
 For want of victuals dy'd :
 A new supply this noble king
 Was forced to provide,
 To fight for, &c.

The mighty duke of Austria
To whom he came for aid,
For all his kingly courtesies,
His succours were deny'd ;
But took him prisoner cowardly,
And basely him betray'd ;
Not fighting for, &c.

His noble knights and soldiers then,
With sorrows went away,
Wofully complaining all,
That e're they saw that day,
That such a noble king as he,
A prisoner there should stay,
And fight not for, &c.

When they were here providing
A ransom for his grace,
The duke's own son unreverently,
King Richard did abase ;
For which with one small box o'th' ear,
He kill'd him in that place :
In honour of our Saviour, &c.

With that into a dungeon deep,
This noble king was cast :
Wherein a lion (all in rage)
Provided was in haste,
To combat with this famous king,
So long as life did last :
The soldier of our Saviour, &c.

But gentle pity moved much
 The daughter of that duke,
 Who deeply wounded was with love,
 Proceeding from his look :
 For which to save his princely life,
 She kindly undertook,
 In honour of our Saviour, &c.

A rich embroider'd scarf of silk,
 She secretly convey'd
 Into the dungeon where the king,
 For execution staid ;
 The which to save his gentle life,
 An instrument was made,
 In honour of our Saviour, &c.

For when the hunger-starved beast
 Into the dungeon came,
 With open mouth to swallow him,
 He nimbly took the same,
 And stoutly thrust it down his throat
 The lion thus to tame ;
 In honour of our Saviour, &c.

And so with valiant courage he
 Pull'd out the lion's heart ;
 Which made the duke and all his lords
 In fearful manner start,
 To see this royal English king
 To play so brave a part,
 In honour of our Saviour, &c.

I am no prisoner, said the king,
For I am now set free,
The country, and our law of arms,
Commands it so to be:
And thus to England's blessed land,
Most joyfully went he,
In honour of our Saviour, &c.

But left his dearest love behind,
That gently sav'd his life,
With promise to return again,
To make her then his wife;
But still revenge and bloody war,
Did breed them further strife,
In fighting for our Saviour, &c.

The noble hearts of English men,
That could endure no wrong,
For good king Richard mustered then
A valiant army strong,
To pass the seas to Acon walls,
To lay the same along,
In honour of our Saviour, &c.

So fierce consuming fire and sword,
Into that country came;
Destroying all the cities brave,
And towns of ancient fame,
Till those the wrongs king Richard had,
Were righted by the same,
In honour of our Saviour, &c.

But

But in his prime of martial worth,
This noble king was slain ;
For wounded with a pois'ned shaft,
That pierc'd his princely brain :
Such sorrowing moan was long time made,
Amongst his warlike train,
Still fighting for our Saviour, &c.

But chiefly by his lady fair,
So loyal and so kind,
That nothing but revenge thereof
Possessed still her mind ;
To know the causer of his death,
Were rich rewards assign'd,
To the honour of our Saviour, &c.

Upon the murtherer (being found)
Much cruelty was shewn,
By her command his skin alive
Was flead from flesh and bone :
And after into dust and air,
His body it was thrown,
In honour of our Saviour, &c.

Yet ended not this lady's grief,
For him she lov'd so dear,
Deep sorrows even broke her heart,
As plainly did appear :
And both were buried in one grave,
Thus true love's end you hear,
That died for our Saviour, &c.

Did ever lady for her love,
 More strangely undertake?
 Did ever daughter in this kind,
 A grieved father make?
 Did ever princess end her life
 Thus for her true love's sake?
 And all for our Saviour, &c,

XVI.

The pedigree, education, and marriage of Robin Hood
 with Clorinda, queen of Titbury-feast. Supposed
 to be related by the fidler who played at their wed-
 ding.

*In Dr. Percy's Reliques of Antient Poetry, vol. I. is
 another ballad on this very celebrated Outlaw, to which we
 refer the reader, who will there also see an account of
 him.*

KIND gentlemen will you be silent a while?
 Ay, and then you shall hear anon
 A very good ballad of bold Robin Hood,
 And of his brave man Little John.

In

In Locksley town, in merry Nottinghamshire,
In merry sweet Locksley town,
There bold Robin Hood was born and bred,
Bold Robin of famous renown.

The father of Robin a forester was
And he shot with a lusty strong bow,
Two north-country miles and an inch at a shoot,
As the pinder of Wakefield does know;

For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,
And William a Clowdel-lee,
To shoot with a forester for forty marks,
And the forester beat them all three.

His mother was niece to the Coventry knight,
Which Warwickshire men call Sir Guy,
For he flew the blue boar that hangs up at the gate,
Or my host at the Bull tells a lye.

Her brother was Gamewell, of great Gamewell-hall,
A noble house-keeper was he,
Ay, as ever broke bread in sweet Nottinghamshire,
And a 'squire of famous degree.

The mother of Robin said to her husband,
My honey, my love, and my dear,
Let Robin and I ride this morning to Gamewell,
To taste of my brother's good cheer.

And he said, I grant thee thy boon, gentle Joan ;
Take one of my horses, I pray ;
The sun is arising, and therefore make haste,
For to-morrow is Christmas-day.

Then Robin Hood's father's grey gelding was brought,
And saddled and bridled was he ;
God wot a blue bonnet, his new suit of cloaths,
And a cloak that did reach to his knee.

She got on her holiday kirtle and gown,
They were all of a Lincoln green ;
The cloth was home-spun, but for colour and make
It might have beseem'd our queen.

And then Robin got on his basket-hilt sword,
And his dagger on the other side ;
And said, my dear mother, let's haste to be gone,
We have forty long miles to ride.

When Robin was mounted on his gelding so grey,
His father, without any trouble,
Sit her up behind him, and bid her not fear,
For his gelding had oft carried double.

And when she was settled, they rode to their neighbours,
And drank and shook hands with them all ;
And then Robin gallop'd, and never gave o'er,
'Till they 'lighted at Gamewell-hall.

And

And now you may think the right worshipful 'squire
Was joyful his sifter to see ;
For he kifs'd her, and kifs'd her, and swore a great oath,
'Thou art welcome kind sifter to me.

The morrow, when mafs had been said at the chapel,
Six tables were covered in the hall,
And in comes the 'squire and makes a short speech,
It was, gentlemen, you're welcome all.

But not a man here shall taste my March beer,
Till a Christmas carol he does sing ;
Then all clapp'd their hands, and they shouted and fung,
'Till the hall and the parlour did ring.

Now mustard and brawn, roast beef and plumb pies,
Were fet upon every table ;
And noble George Gamewell said, eat and be merry,
And drink too as long as you're able.

When dinner was ended his chaplain said grace ;
And be merry my friends, said the 'squire ;
It rains and it blows ; but call for more ale,
And lay some more wood on the fire.

And now call ye Little John hither to me,
For Little John is a fine lad,
At gambols and juggling, and twenty such tricks,
As shall make you both merry and glad.

When Little John came to gambols they went,
Both gentlemen, yeomen, and clowns :
And what do you think ? Why, as true as I live,
Bold Robin put them all down.

And now you may think, the right worshipful 'squire,
Was joyful this fight for to see ;
For, he said, Cousin Robin, thou go'st no more home,
But tarry and dwell here with me :

Thou shalt have my land when I die, and 'till then
Thou shalt be the staff of my age.
Then grant me my boon, dear uncle, said Robin,
That Little John may be my page.

And he said, kind cousin, I grant thee thy boon ;
With all my heart, so let it be,
Then come hither Little John, said Robin Hood,
Come hither, my page unto me :

Go fetch me my bow, my longest bow,
And broad arrows, one, two, or three ;
For when 'tis fair weather, we'll into Sheerwood,
Some merry pastime to see.

When Robin Hood came into merry Sheerwood,
He winded his bugle so clear ;
And twice five and twenty good yeomen and bold
Before Robin Hood did appear,

Where

Where are your companions all, said Robin Hood ?
For still I want forty and three ;
Then said a bold yeoman, lo yonder they stand,
All under a green wood tree.

As that word was spoke, Clorinda came by,
The queen of the shepherds was she ;
And her gown was of velvet as green as the grass,
And her buskin did reach to her knee :

Her gait it was graceful, her body was straight,
And her countenance it was free from pride ;
A bow in her hand, and a quiver of arrows
Hung dangling down by her sweet side.

Her eye-brows were black, ay, and so was her hair,
And her skin was as smooth as glass ;
Her visage spoke wisdom and modesty too ;
Sets with Robin Hood such a lass !

Says Robin Hood, fair lady, whither away ?
O whither fair lady, away ?
And she made him answer, to kill a fat buck ;
For to-morrow is Titbury-day.

Said Robin Hood, lady fair, will you wander with me
A little to yonder green bower ;
There sit down to rest you, and you shall be sure
Of a brace, or a leash, in an hour.

And

And as we were going towards the green bower,
Two hundred good bucks we espy'd ;
She chose out the fattest that was in the herd,
And she shot him thro' side and side.

By the faith of my body, said bold Robin Hood,
I never saw woman like thee ;
And com'st thou from east, or com'st thou from west,
Thou need'st not beg ven'son of me.

However along to my bower you shall go,
And taste of a forrester's meat ;
And when we come thither, we found as good cheer,
As any man needs for to eat.

For there was hot venison, and warden pies cold,
Cream clouted, and honey-combs plenty ;
And the servitors they were, besides Little John,
Good yeomen at least four and twenty.

Clorinda said, tell me your name, gentle sir ;
And he said, 'tis bold Robin Hood ;
'Squire Gamewell's my uncle, but all my delight
Is to dwell in the merry Sheerwood ;

For 'tis a fine life, and 'tis void of all strife.
So 'tis, sir, Clorinda reply'd.
But oh ! said bold Robin, how sweet would it be,
If Clorinda would be my bride !

She

She blush'd at the motion ; yet after a pause,
Said, yes, fir, and with all my heart :
'Then let us fend for a priest, said Robin Hood,
And be married before we do part.

But she said, it may not be so, gentle fir,
For I must be at Titbury feast ;
And if Robin Hood will go thither with me,
I'll make him the most welcome guest.

Said Robin Hood, reach me that buck, Little John,
For I'll go along with my dear ;
And bid my yeomen kill six brace of bucks,
And meet me to-morrow just here.

Before he had ridden five Staffordshire miles,
Eight yeomen that were too bold,
Bid bold Robin Hood stand, and deliver his buck,
A truer tale never was told.

I will not, faith, said bold Robin : Come, John,
Stand by me, and we'll beat them all.
'Then both drew their swords, and so cut 'em and slash'd
'em,
That five of the eight did fall.

The three that remain'd call'd to Robin for quarter,
And pitiful John begg'd their lives.
When John's boon was granted, he gave them good
counsel,
And so sent them home to their wives.

This

This battle was fought near to Titbury town,
When the bag-pipes baited the bull ;
I'm the king of the fiddlers, and I swear 'tis a truth ;
And I call him that doubts it a gull ;

For I saw them fighting, and fiddled the while ;
And Clorinda sung, " Hey derry down !
" The bumkins are beaten ; put up thy sword, Bob ;
" And now let's dance into the town."

Before we came in we heard a great shouting,
And all that were in it look'd madly !
For some were a bull back, some dancing a morrice,
And some finging Arthur a-Bradley,

And there we saw Thomas, our justice's clerk,
And Mary to whom he was kind ;
For Tom rode before her, and call'd Mary, madam,
And kifs'd her full sweetly behind ;

And so may your worships. But we went to dinner,
With Thomas and Mary, and Nan ;
They all drank a health to Clorinda, and told her,
Bold Robin Hood was a fine man.

When dinner was ended, fir Roger the parson
Of Dubbridge was sent for in haste ;
He brought his mass-book, and bid them take hands,
And he join'd them in marriage full fast.

And

And then as bold Robin Hood and his sweet bride
Went hand in hand unto the green bower,
The birds fung with pleasure in merry Sheerwood,
And it was a most joyful hour.

And when Robin came in sight of the bower,
Where are my yeomen? said he:
And Little John answer'd, lo, yonder they stand,
All under a green wood-tree.

Then a garland they brought her by two and by two,
And placed it on the bride's head:
The music struck up, and we all fell to dancing,
'Till the bride and the groom were a-bed,

And what they did there must be counsel to me,
Because they lay long the next day;
And I made haste home; but I got a good piece
Of bride cake, and so came away.

Now out, alas! I had forgotten to tell ye,
That married they were with a ring;
And so will Nan Knight, or be bury'd a maiden;
And now let us pray for the king,

That he may get children, and they may get more,
To govern and do us some good;
Then I'll make ballads in Robin Hood's bower,
And sing them in merry Sheerwood.

XVII.

Robin Hood's progress to Nottingham, in which he slew
fifteen foresters.

ROBIN HOOD was a tall young man,
Derry, derry down,
And Robin Hood was a proper young man,
Of courage stout and bold.
Hey down, derry, derry down.

Robin Hood went unto fair Nottingham,
With the general for to dine;
There was he aware of fifteen foresters
Drinking beer, ale, and wine.

What news? what news? said bold Robin Hood,
What news fain would'st thou know?
Our king has provided a shooting match,
And I'm ready with my bow.

We hold it in scorn, said the fifteen foresters,
That ever a boy so young
Should bear a bow before our king,
That's not able to draw one string.

I'll hold you twenty marks, said bold Robin Hood,
By the leave of our lady,
That I'll hit the mark an hundred rod,
And I'll cause a hart to die.

We'll hold you twenty marks then, said the forresters,
By the leave of our lady,
Thou hit not the mark, an hundred rod,
Nor cause the hart to die.

Robin Hood he bent up a noble good bow,
And a broad arrow he let fly:
He hit the mark an hundred rod,
And caused an hart to die.

Some say he broke ribs one or two,
And some say he broke three;
The arrow in the hart would not abide,
But glanc'd in two or three.

The hart did skip, and the hart did leap,
And the hart lay on the ground;
The wager is mine, said Robin Hood,
If it were for a thousand pounds.

The wager is none of thine, said the forresters,
Altho' thou be'st in haste,
Take up thy bow and get thee hence,
Least we thy sides should baste.

Robin Hood took up his noble good bow,
And his broad arrows all amain;
And Robin being pleas'd, began for to smile
As he went over the plain.

Then Robin he bent his noble good bow,
And his broad arrows he let fly,
Till fourteen of the fifteen forresters
Upon the ground did lie.

He that did the quarrel first begin,
Went tripping over the plain:
But Robin Hood bent his noble good bow,
And fetch'd him back again.

You said, I was no archer, said Robin Hood,
But say so now again;
With that he sent another arrow after him,
Which split his head in twain.

You have found me an archer, says bold Robin Hood,
Which will make your wives to wring,
And wish you had never said the word,
That I could not have drawn one string.

The people that did live in fair Nottingham,
Came running out amain,
Supposing to have taken bold Robin Hood,
With the forresters that were slain.

Some lost legs and some lost arms,
And some did lose their blood :
But Robin he took up his noble good bow,
And is gone to the merry green wood.

They carried their forresters to fair Nottingham,
As many there did know,
They digg'd them graves in their church-yard,
And they bury'd them all on a row.

XVIII.

Robin Hood and the jolly Pinder of Wakefield.

IN Wakefield there lives a jolly pinder,
In Wakefield all on the green,
In Wakefield all on the green :
There is neither knight nor 'squire, said the pinder,
Nor baron so bold,
Nor baron so bold,
Dare make a trespass to the town of Wakefield,
But his pledge goes to the pinfold,
But his pledge goes to the pinfold.

All this he heard three witty young men,
'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John;
With that they espy'd the jolly pinder
As he sat under a thorn.

Now turn again, now turn again, said the pinder
For a wrong way you have gone;

For you have forsaken the king's highway,
And made a path over the corn.

O that were a shame, said jolly Robin;
We being three, and thou but one.

The pinder leap'd back then thirty good foot,
'Twas thirty good foot and one.

He lean'd his back fast to a thorn,
And his foot against a stone,

And there he fought a long summer's day,
And a summer's day so long.

'Till that their swords in their broad bucklers
Were broken fast in their hands,

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said bold Robin Hood,
And my merry men every one;
For this is one of the best pinders,
That ever I try'd with a sword.

And wilt thou now forsake thy pinder's craft,
And live in the green wood with me?

At Michaelmas next my covenant come out,
When every man gathers his fee,
Then I'll take my blue blade in my hand,
And plod to the green wood with thee,
Ha'st either meat or drink, said Robin Hood,
For my merry men and me ?

I have both bread and beef, said the pinder
And good ale of the best;
And that's good meat enough, said Robin Hood,
For such unbidden guests.
O wilt thou forsake thy pinder's craft,
And go to the green wood with me ?

Thou shalt have a livery twice in the year,
The one green and the other brown.
If Michaelmas once was come and gone,
And my master had paid me my fee,
Then would I set as little by him,
As my master doth by me.

XIX.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP.

COME gentlemen all, and listen a-while,
 With a hey down, down, and a down,
 And a story to you I'll unfold?
 I'll tell you how Robin Hood served the bishop,
 When he robbed him of his gold.

As it fell out on a sun-shining day,
 When Phoebus was in his prime,
 Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
 In mirth would spend some time.

And as he walked the forest along,
 Some pastime for to spy,
 There he was aware of a proud bishop,
 And of all his company.

O what shall I do said Robin Hood then,
 If the bishop he doth take me?
 No mercy he'll show unto me I know:
 Therefore away I'll flee.

Then

Then Robin was stout, and turn'd him about,
And a little house there he did spy;
And to an old wife, to spare his life,
He aloud began to cry.

Why, who art thou? said the old woman,
Come tell to me for good;
I am an outlaw, as many do know;
My name, it is Robin Hood.

And yonder's the bishop and all his men;
And if that I taken be,
Then day and night he'll work my spite,
And hanged I shall be.

If thou be Robin Hood, said the old woman,
As thou dost seem to be,
I'll for thee provide, thy person hide
From the bishop and his company.

For I remember one Saturday night,
Thou brought'st me both shoes and hose;
Therefore I'll provide thy person to hide,
And keep thee from thy foes.

Then give me soon my coat of grey,
And take thou my mantle of green:
Thy spindle of twine unto me resign,
And take thou my arrows so keen.

And when Robin Hood was thus array'd,
 He went strait to his company,
 With his spindle and twine he oft looks behind
 For the bishop and his company.

O who is yonder, quoth Little John,
 That now comes over the lee?
 An arrow at her I will let fly,
 So like an old witch looks she.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood, then,
 And shoot not thy arrows so keen:
 I am Robin Hood thy master good,
 As quickly shall be seen.

The bishop he came to the old woman's house,
 And called with a furious mood,
 Come let me see, and bring unto me
 That traytor Robin Hood.

The old woman she set on a milk-white steed,
 Himself on a dapple grey;
 And for joy he had got Robin Hood,
 He went laughing all the way.

But as they were riding the forrest along,
 The bishop he chanc'd for to see
 A hundred brave bowmen, stout and bold,
 Stand under the green-wood tree.

O who is yonder, the bishop then said,
That's ranging within yonder wood?
Marry, says the old woman, I think it be
A man called Robin Hood.

Why, who art thou, the bishop he said,
Which I have here with me?
Why I am a woman, thou cuckoldly bishop,
Lift up my leg, and see.

Then woe is me, the bishop he said,
That ever I saw this day:
He turn'd him about but Robin Hood stout
Call'd to him and bid him stay.

Then Robin took hold on the bishop's horse,
And tied him fast to a tree;
Then Little John smil'd his master upon,
For joy of his company.

Robin Hood took his mantle from his back,
And spread it upon the ground,
And out of the bishop's portmantua he
Soon told five hundred pound.

Now let him go, said Robin Hood;
Said Little John that must not be,
For I vow and protest he shall sing us a mass,
Before that he goes from me.

Then

Then Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand,
 And bound him fast to a tree,
 And made him sing a mass, God wot,
 To him and his yeomandree.

And then they brought him through the wood,
 And set him on his dapple grey,
 And gave him the tail within his hand,
 And bid him for Robin Hood pray.

XX.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BUTCHER.

COME all you brave gallants, and listen a-while,
 With a hey down, down, and a down,
 That are this bower within:
 For of bold Robin Hood that archer good,
 A song I intend to sing.

Upon a time it chanced so,
 Bold Robin in the forest did 'spy
 A jolly butcher with a fine mare,
 With his flesh to the market did hye.

Good

Good morrow, good fellow, said jolly Robin,
What food hast thou? tell unto me;
Thy trade to me tell, and where thou dost dwell,
For I like well thy company.

The butcher he answer'd jolly Robin,
No matter where I dwell;
For a butcher I am, and to Nottingham
I am going my flesh to sell.

What's the price of thy flesh, said jolly Robin,
Come tell it unto me;
And the price of thy mare, be she ever so dear,
For a butcher I fain would be.

The price of my flesh, the butcher reply'd,
I soon will tell unto thee;
With my bonny mare, and they are not too dear,
Four marks thou must give unto me.

Four marks I will give thee, said jolly Robin,
Four marks it shall be thy fee;
The money come count and let me mount,
For a butcher I fain would be.

Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone,
His butcher's trade to begin;
With a good intent to the sheriff he went
And there he took up his inn.

When

When other butchers did open their shops,
Bold Robin he then begun;
But how for to sell he knew not well,
For a butcher he was but young.

When the other butchers no meat could sell,
Robin he got both gold and fee;
For he sold more meat for one penny,
Then others could do for three.

But when he sold his meat so fast,
No butcher by him could thrive;
For he sold more meat for one penny,
Then others could do for five.

Which made the butchers of Nottingham
To study as they did stand,
Saying, surely he was some prodigal,
That had sold his father's land.

The butchers stepp'd up to jolly Robin,
Acquainted with him to be;
Come brother, one said, we be all of one trade,
Come will you go dine with me?

Accurs'd be his heart, said jolly Robin,
That a butcher will deny;
I will go with you, my brethren true,
As fast as I can hie.

When

But

But when they to the sheriff's house came,
To dinner they hied apace;
And Robin Hood he the man must be
Before them all to say grace.

Pray God blefs us all, said jolly Robin,
And our meat within this place;
A cup of sack so good will nourish our blood,
And so I end my grace.

Come fill us more wine, said jolly Robin,
Let's be merry while we stay,
For wine and good chear, be it ever so dear,
I vow I the reck'ning will pay.

Come brothers, be merry, said jolly Robin,
Let's drink, and ne'er give o'er;
For the shot I will pay, e'er I go my way,
If it costs me five pounds, or more.

This is a mad blade, the butchers then said,
Says the sheriff, he's some prodigal,
That some land has sold for silver and gold,
And now he doth mean to spend all.

Hast thou any horned beasts, said the sheriff,
Good fellow, to sell to me?
Yes, that I have, good master sheriff,
I have hundreds two or three,

And

And a hundred acres of good free land,
 If you please it for to see;
 And I'll make you as good assurance of it,
 As ever my father did me.

The sheriff he saddled his good palfrey,
 And took three hundred pounds in gold,
 And away he went with Robin Hood,
 His horned beasts to behold.

Away then the sheriff and Robin did ride
 To the forest of merry Sheerwood,
 Then the sheriff did say, God preserve us this day
 From a man they call Robin Hood.

But when a little farther they came,
 Bold Robin he chanc'd to 'spy
 An hundred head of good fat deer
 Come tripping the sheriff full nigh.

How like you my horned beasts, good master sheriff?
 They be fat and fair to see.
 I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone,
 For I like not thy company.

Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,
 And blew out blasts three;
 Then quickly anon there came Little John,
 And all his company.

What is your will, master, then said Little John,
I pray come tell unto me?
I have brought hither the sheriff of Nottingham
This day to dine with thee.

He is welcome to me then, said Little John,
I hope he will honestly pay;
I know he has gold, if it were but well told,
Will serve us to drink a whole day.

Then Robin took his mantle from his back,
And laid it upon the ground;
And out of the sheriff's portmanteau he
Soon told five hundred pound.

Then Robin he brought him through the wood,
And set him on his dapple grey;
O have me commended to your wife at home,
So Robin went laughing away.

XXI.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER.

IN Nottingham there lived a jolly tanner,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
His name is Arthur-a-Bland;
There is never a squire in Nottinghamshire,
Dare bid bold Arthur to stand.

With a long staff upon his shoulder,
So well he can clear his way;
By two and by three he made them to flee,
For he hath no list to stay.

And as he went forth one summer's morning,
Into the forest of merry Sheerwood,
To view the red deer, that run here and there,
There he met bold Robin Hood.

As soon as bold Robin did him espy,
He thought the same sport would make
Therefore out of hand he bid him to stand,
And thus unto him he spake.

Why,

Why, who art thou, thou bold fellow,
That rangest so boldly here?
In sooth, to be brief, thou look'st like a thief,
That comes to steal our king's deer.

For I am a keeper in this forest,
The king puts me in trust
To look to the deer, that runs here and there;
Therefore stop thee I must.

If thou be'st a keeper in this forest,
And hast such a great command,
Yet you must have more partakers in store,
Before you make me to stand.

No, I have no more partakers in store,
Or, any that I do need;
But I have a staff of another oak craft,
I know it will do the deed.

For thy sword and thy bow I care not a straw,
Nor all thy arrows to boot,
If thou get'st a knock upon thy bare scap,
Thou can'st as well sh—t as shoot.

Speak cleanly, good fellow, said jolly Robin,
And give better terms unto me?
Else I'll thee correct for thy neglect,
And make thee more mannerly.

Marry gap with a wanton, quoth Arthur-a-Bland,
Art thou such a goodly man?
I care not a fig for thy looking so big,
Mend yourself where you can.

Then Robin Hood unbuckled his belt,
And laid down his bow so long:
He took up a staff of another oak craft,
That was both stiff and strong.

I yield to thy weapon said jolly Robin,
Since thou wilt not yield to mine:
For I have a staff of another craft,
Not half a foot longer than thine.

But let me measure, said jolly Robin,
Before we begin the pray;
For I will not have mine to be longer than thine,
For that will be counted foul play.

I pass not for length, bold Arthur reply'd,
My staff is of oak so free;
Eight feet and a half, it will knock down a calf,
And I hope it will knock down thee.

Then Robin could no longer forbear,
But gave him a very good knock;
But quickly and soon the blood it ran down,
Before it was ten of the clock.

Then Arthur soon recover'd himself,
And gave him a knock on the crown,
That from every side of Robin Hood's head
The blood ran trickling down.

Then Robin Hood ragèd like a wild boar,
As soon as he saw his own blood :
Then Bland was in haste, he laid on so fast,
If he had been cleaving of wood,

And about, and about, and about they went,
Like two wild boars in a chace,
Striving to aim each other to maim,
Leg, arm, or any other place.

And knock for knock they lustily dealt,
Which held for two hours, or more ;
That all the wood rang at every bang,
They ply'd their work so fore.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
And let our quarrel fall ;
For here we may thrash our bones all to mash,
And get no coin at all.

And in the forest of merry Sheerwood
Hereafter thou shalt be free :
God ha' mercy for nought, my freedom I bought,
I may thank my good staff, and not thee.

What tradesman art thou, said jolly Robin,
Good fellow, I prithee me show?
And also me tell, in what place you dwell?
For both of these fain would I know.

I am a tanner, bold Arthur reply'd,
In Nottingham long have I wrought;
And if thou'lt come there, I vow and swear,
I'll tan your hide for nought.

God a-mercy, good fellow, said jolly Robin,
Since thou art so kind and free,
And if thou wilt tan my hide for nought,
I'll do as much for thee.

And if thou wilt forsake thy tanner's trade,
To live in green wood with me.
My name is Robin Hood, I swear by the wood,
To give thee both gold and fee.

If thou be Robin Hood, bold Arthur reply'd
As I think well thou art,
Then here's my hand, my name's Arthur-a-Bland,
We two will never part.

But tell me, O tell me, where is Little John,
Of him I fain would hear;
For we are ally'd by the mother's side,
And he is my kinsman dear.

Then

Then Robin Hood blew on his bugle horn,
He blew both loud and shrill ;
And quick and anon, he saw Little John,
Come tripping over the hill.

O what is the matter ? then said Little John,
Master, I pray you tell ;
Why do you stand with your staff in your hand ?
I fear all is not well.

O man I do stand, and he makes me to stand,
The tanner that stands by my side ;
He is a bonny blade and master of his trade,
For he has soundly tann'd my hide.

He is to be commended, then said Little John,
If he such a feat can do ;
If he be so stout, we will have a bout,
And he shall tan my hide too.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
For, as I do understand,
He's a yeoman good of thy own blood,
For his name is Arthur-a-Bland.

Then Little John threw his staff away,
As far as he could fling,
And ran out of hand to Arthur-a-Bland,
And about his neck did cling.

baA

With

With loving respect, there was no neglect,
 They were neither nice nor coy;
 Each other did face with a lovely grace,
 And both did weep for joy.

Then Robin Hood took them both by the hands,
 And danced about the oak tree,
 For three merry men, and three merry men,
 And three merry men we be.

And ever hereafter, as long as we live,
 We three will be as one:
 The wood it shall ring, and the old wife sing,
 Of Robin Hood, Arthur, and John.

XXII.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE JOLLY TINKER.

IN summer time, when leaves grow green,
 And birds sing on every tree,
 Robin Hood went to Nottingham,
 As fast as he could dree.

And

And as he came to Nottingham,

A tinker he did meet,

And seeing him a lusty blade,

He did him kindly greet :

Where dost thou dwell ? quoth Robin Hood,

I pray thee now me tell ;

Sad news I hear there is abroad,

I fear all is not well.

What is that news ? the tinker said,

Tell me without delay ;

I am a tinker by my trade,

And do live at Banbury.

As for the news, quoth Robin Hood,

It is but as I hear,

Two tinkers were fet in the stocks,

For drinking ale and beer.

If that be all, the tinker said,

As I may say to you,

Your news is not worth a fart,

Since that they all be true.

For drinking of good ale and beer,

You will not lose your part.

No, by my faith, quoth Robin Hood,

I love it with all my heart.

What news abroad ? quoth Robin Hood,

Tell me what thou dost hear ;

Seeing thou go'st from town to town,

Some news thou need'st not fear.

All the news I have, the tinker said

I hear it is for good,

It is to seek a bold outlaw,

Which they call Robin Hood.

I have a warrant from the king,

To take him where I can ;

If you can tell me where he is,

I will make you a man.

The king would give an hundred pounds,

That he could but him see :

And if we can but now him get,

It will serve thee and me.

Let me see the warrant, said Robin Hood,

I will see if it be right,

And I will do the best I can

For to take him this night.

That will I not, the tinker said,

None with it will I trust ;

And where he is if you'll not tell,

Take him by force I must.

But

But Robin Hood perceiving well
How then the game would go,
If you would go to Nottingham,
We shall find him I know,

A crab-tree staff the tinker had,
Which was both good and strong,
Robin he had a good strong blade;
So they went both along,

And when they came to Nottingham,
There they took up their inn;
And they called for ale and wine,
To drink it was no sin.

But ale and wine they drank so fast,
That the tinker he forgot,
What thing he was about to do,
It fell so to his lot;

That, while the tinker fell asleep,
Robin made haste away,
And left the tinker in the lurch,
For the great shot to pay.

But when the tinker did awake,
And saw that he was gone,
He called out then for the host,
And thus he made his moan:

I had

I had a warrant from the king,
Which might have done me good,
This is to seek a bold outlaw,
Some call him Robin Hood :

But now the warrant and money is gone,
Nothing I have to pay ;
And he that promised to be my friend,
Is gone and fled away.

That friend, you speak of, said the host,
They call him Robin Hood ;
And when that he first met with you,
He meant you little good.

Had I but known it had been he,
When that I had him here,
The one of us should have try'd our might
Which should have paid full dear.

In the mean time I will away,
No longer here I'll abide,
But I will go and seek him out,
Whatever me betide.

But one thing I would gladly know,
What here I have to pay :
Ten shillings just, then said the host.
I'll pay you without delay ;

Or

Or else take here my working bag,
And my good hammer too,
And if I light but on the knave,
I will then soon pay you.

The only way, then said the host,
And not to stand in fear,
Is to seek him among the parks,
Killing of the king's deer.

The tinker he then went with speed,
And made them no delay,
Till he had found bold Robin Hood,
That they might have a fray.

At last he 'spy'd him in a park,
Hunting then of the deer.
What knave is that, quoth Robin Hood,
That doth come me so near?

No knave, no knave, the tinker said,
And that you soon shall know,
Whether of us has done any wrong,
My crab-tree staff shall show.

Then Robin drew his gallant blade,
Made then of trusty steel:
But the tinker he laid on so fast,
That he made Robin reel.

Then

Then Robin's anger did arise,
 He fought right manfully,
 Until he had made the tinker
 Then almost fit to fly.

With that they lay'd about again,
 And ply'd their weapons fast;
 The tinker thrash'd his bones so fore,
 That he made him yield at last.

A boon, a boon, then Robin cry'd,
 If thou will grant it me :
 Before I do it, the tinker said,
 I'll hang thee on this tree.

But the tinker looking him about,
 Robin his horn did blow :
 Then came unto him Little John,
 And Will Scarlet also.

What is the matter? quoth Little John,
 You sit on the highway side ;
 Here is a tinker that stands by,
 That hath well paid my hide.

What tinker then, said Little John,
 Fain that blade would I see,
 And I would try what I can do,
 If he'll do as much for me.

Then

But

But Robin then he wish'd them both
They would the quarrel cease,
That henceforth we may be as one,
And ever live in peace.

And for the jovial tinker's part,
A hundred pounds I give
In a year to maintain him on,
As long as he doth live.

In manhood he is a metled man,
And a metal man by trade;
Never thought I that any man
Should have made me so afraid.

And if he will be one of us,
We will take all one fare,
And whatsoever we do get,
He shall have his full share.

So the tinker he was content
With them to go along,
And with them a part to take:
And so I end my song.

XXIII.

ROBIN HOOD AND ALLEN-A-DALE.

COME listen to me, you gallants so free,
 All you that love mirth for to hear,
 And I will tell you of a bold outlaw,
 That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
 All under the green-wood tree,
 There was he aware of a brave young man,
 As fine as fine could be.

The youngster was cloathed in scarlet red,
 In scarlet fine and gay;
 And he did frisk it over the plain,
 And chaunted a round-de-lay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood
 Amongst the leaves so gay,
 There did 'spy the same young man
 Come drooping along the way.

The

The scarlet he wore the day before,
It was clean cast away ;
And at every step he fetch'd a sigh,
Alack and a well a-day !

Then step'd forth brave Little John,
And Midge the miller's son,
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he see them come.

Stand off, stand off, the young man said,
What is your will with me ?
You must come before our master strait,
Under yon green-wood tree.

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin ask'd him courteously,
O hast thou any money to spare,
For my merry men and me ?

I have no money, the young man said,
But five shillings and a ring ;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have it at my wedding.

Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she soon from me was ta'en,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain.

What.

What is thy name? then said Robin Hood,
Come tell me without any fail.
By the faith of my body, then said the young man,
My name it is Allen-a-Dale.

What wilt thou give me, said Robin Hood,
In ready gold, or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her up to thee?

I have no money, then quoth the young man,
No ready gold or fee,
But I will swear upon a book,
Thy true servant to be.

How many miles is it to thy true love?
Come tell me without any guile;
By the faith of my body then said the young man,
It is but five little miles.

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint or lint,
Until he came unto the church
Where Allen should keep his wedding.

What hast thou here, the bishop then said,
I prithee now tell unto me?
I am a bold harper, quoth Robin Hood,
And the best in the north country.

O wel-

O welcome, O welcome, the bishop then said,
That music best pleaseth me.
You shall have no music, quoth Robin Hood,
'Till the bride and the bridegroom I see.

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old;
And after him a finikin lass
Did shine like the glittering gold.

This is not a fit match, quoth bold Robin Hood,
That you do seem to make here,
For since we are come unto the church,
The bride shall chuse her own dear.

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew out blasts two or three:
Then four and twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping over the lee,

And when they came into the church-yard,
Marching all on a row,
The first man was Allen-a-Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

This is thy true love, Robin he said,
Young Allen, as I hear say,
And you shall be marry'd at the same time,
Before we depart away.

That shall not be, the bishop he said,
For thy word shall not stand ;
They shall be three times ask'd in the church,
As the law is of our land.

Robin Hood pull'd off the bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John ;
By the faith of my body, then Robin he said,
This cloth doth make thee a man.

When Little John went to the choir,
The people began to laugh ;
He ask'd them seven times in the church,
Least three times should not be enough.

Who gives this maid, said Little John ?
Quoth Robin Hood, that do I,
And he that takes her from Allen-a-Dale,
Full dearly shall her buy.

And thus having ended this merry wedding,
The bride she look'd like a queen ;
And so they return'd to the merry green wood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

XXIV.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE SHEPHERD.

ALL gentlemen, and yeomen good,
I wish you to draw near;
For a story of bold Robin Hood
Unto you I will declare.

As Robin Hood walked the forest along,
Some pastime for to 'spy;
There he was aware of a jolly shepherd,
That on the ground did lie.

Arise, arise, said jolly Robin,
And now come let me see
What's in thy bag and bottle, I say?
Come tell it unto me.

What's that to thee, thou proud fellow?
Tell me as I do stand;
What hast thou to do with my bottle and bag?
Let me see thy command.

My sword that hangeth by my side,
Is my command, I know ;
Come let me taste of thy bottle,
Or it may breed thee woe.

The devil a drop, thou proud fellow,
Of my bottle thou shalt see,
Until thy valour here be try'd,
Whether thou 'lt fight or flee.

What shall we fight for? said Robin Hood,
Come tell it unto me ;
Here's twenty pounds in good red gold,
Win it and take it thee.

The shepherd stood all in amaze,
And knew not what to say ;
I have no money, thou proud fellow,
But bag and bottle I will lay.

I am content, thou shepherd swain,
Fling them down on the ground ;
But it will breed thee mickle pain,
To win my twenty pound.

Come draw thy sword, thou proud fellow,
That standest too long to prate ;
This hook of mine shall let thee know,
A coward I do hate.

So they fell to it full hard and fore,
It was on a summer's day,
From ten to four in the afternoon
The shepherd held him in play.

Robin's buckler prov'd his chief defence,
And fav'd him many a bang,
For every blow the shepherd struck
Made Robin's sword cry twang,

Many a sturdy blow the shepherd gave,
And that bold Robin found,
'Till the blood ran trickling from his head,
Then he fell to the ground.

Arise, arise, thou proud fellow,
And thou shalt have fair play,
If thou wilt yield before thou go,
That I have won the day.

A boon, a boon, cry'd bold Robin,
If that a man thou be,
Then let me have my bugle horn,
And blow out blasts but three.

Then said the shepherd, to bold Robin,
To that I will agree;
For if thou should'st blow 'till to morrow morn,
I scorn one foot to flee.

Then Robin he fet his horn to his mouth,
And he blew with might and main,
Until he 'spied Little John
Come tripping over the plain.

Who is yonder, thou proud fellow,
That comes down yonder hill?
Yonder is John, bold Robin Hood's man,
Shall fight with thee thy fill.

What is the matter, said Little John,
Master, come tell unto me:
My case is sad, said Robin Hood,
For the shepherd hath conquer'd me.

I am glad of that, cries Little John,
Shepherd turn thou to me;
For a bout with thee, I mean to have,
Either come fight or flee.

With all my heart, thou proud fellow,
For it shall never be said,
That a shepherd's hook, at thy sturdy look
Will one jot be dismay'd.

So they fell to it full hard and fore,
Striving for victory,
I will know, says John, e'er we give o'er,
Whether thou wilt fight or flee.

The shepherd gave John a sturdy blow,
 With the hook under his chin :
 Beshrew thy heart, said Little John
 Thou basely dost begin.

Nay, that is nothing, said the shepherd,
 Either yield to me the day,
 Or I will bang thee back and sides,
 Before thou goest thy way.

What dost thou think, thou proud fellow,
 That thou can'st conquer me ?
 Nay, thou shalt know, before I go,
 I'll fight before I'll flee.

Again the shepherd laid on him,
 The shepherd he begun ;
 Hold thy hand, cry'd jolly Robin,
 I will yield the wager won.

With all my heart said Little John,
 To that I will agree ;
 For he is the flower of shepherd swains,
 The like I ne'er did see.

Thus have you heard of Robin Hood,
 Also of Little John ;
 How a shepherd swain did conquer them,
 The like was never known.

XXV.

The famous battle between Robin Hood and the curtal
fryar, near Fountain-Dale.

IN summer time, when leaves grow green
And flowers are fresh and gay,
Robin Hood and his merry men
Were all dispos'd to play.

Then some would leap, and some would run,
And some would use artillery;
Which of you can a good bow draw,
A good archer to be;

Which of you can kill a buck?
Or, who can kill a doe?
Or who can kill a hart of Greece
Five hundred foot him fro' ;

Will. Scarlet, he did kill a buck,
And Midge he did kill a doe ;
And Little John kill'd a hart of Greece
Five hundred foot him fro'.

God's

God's blessing on thy heart, said Robin Hood,
That shot such a shot for me;
I would ride my horse an hundred miles,
To find one could match thee.

That caused Will. Scarlet to laugh,
He laughed full heartily:
There lives a fryar in Fountain-abbey
Will beat both him and thee.

The curtal fryar in Fountain-abbey
Well can a strong bow draw,
He will beat you and your yeomen,
Set them all on a row.

Robin Hood took a solemn oath,
It was by Mary free,
That he would neither eat nor drink,
'Till the fryar he did see.

Robin Hood put on his harness good,
And on his head a cap of steel,
Broad sword and buckler by his side,
And they became him weel.

He took his bow into his hand,
It was of a trusty tree,
With a sheaf of arrows by his side,
And to Fountain-dale went he.

And

And coming to fair Fountain-dale,
No farther would he ride;
There he was aware of a curtal fryar
Walking by the water-side.

The fryar had on a harness good,
And on his head a cap of steel,
Broad sword and buckler by his side,
And they became him weel.

Robin Hood lighted from off his horse,
And tied him to a thorn;
Carry me over the water thou curtal fryar,
Or else thy life's forlorn.

The fryar took Robin Hood on his back,
Deep water he did betide,
And neither spoke good word nor bad,
'Till he came on the other side.

Lightly stept Robin off the fryar's back:
The fryar said to him again,
Carry me over the water thou fine fellow,
Or it will breed thy pain,

Robin Hood took the fryar on his back,
Deep water he did betide,
And spoke neither good word nor bad,
'Till he came on the other side,

Lightly

Lightly leapt the fryar off Robin Hood's back,
 Bold Robin said to him again,
 Carry me over the water thou curtal fryar,
 Or it shall breed thee pain.

The fryar took Robin on his back again,
 And stept up to his knee,
 And 'till he came to the middle stream,
 Neither good nor bad spoke he,

And coming to the middle stream,
 Then he threw Robin in;
 And chuse thee, chuse thee, fine fellow
 Whether thou wilt sink or swim.

Robin Hood swam to bush of broom,
 The fryar to the willow wand;
 Bold Robin Hood is gone to the shore,
 And took his bow in his hand.

One of the best arrows under his belt
 To the fryar he let fly;
 The curtal fryar with his steel buckler,
 Did put his arrow by.

Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellow,
 Shoot as thou hast begun,
 If thou shoot here a summer's day,
 Thy mark I will not shun,

Robin

Robin Hood shot on so passing well,
 'Till his arrows all were gone;
 They took their swords and steel buckler,
 And fought with might and main,

From ten o'clock that very day,
 'Till four in the afternoon,
 Then Robin Hood came on his knees,
 Of the fryar to beg a boon,

A boon, a boon, thou curtal fryar,
 I beg it on my knee;
 Give me leave to set my horn to my mouth,
 And to blow blasts three.

That I will do, said the curtal fryar,
 Of thy blasts I have no doubt;
 I hope thou'lt blow so passing well,
 'Till both thy eyes drop out.

Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
 And blew out blasts three:
 Half an hundred yeomen, with their bows bent,
 Came ranging over the lee.

Whose men are these, said the fryar,
 That come so hastily?
 Those are mine, said Robin Hood,
 Fryar, what's that to thee?

A boon, a boon, said the curtal fryar
The like I gave to thee;
Give me leave to set my fist to my mouth
And to whute, whutes three.

That will I do, said Robin Hood,
Or else I were to blame;
Three whutes in a fryar's fist
Would make me glad a fain.

The fryar he set his fist to his mouth,
And whuted him whutes three;
Half a hundred good bay dogs
Came running over the lee.

Here is for every man a dog,
And I myself for thee:
Nay, by my faith, said Robin Hood,
Fryar, that may not be.

Two dogs at once to Robin did go,
The one behind, the other before;
Robin Hood's mantle of Lincoln-green,
From off his back they tore.

And whether his men shot east or west,
Or they shot north or south,
The curtal dogs, so taught they were,
They caught the arrows in their mouths.

Take up thy dogs, said Little John,
 Fryar, at my bidding thee ;
 Whose man art thou ? said the curtal fryar,
 Comes here to prate to me.

I am Little John, Robin Hood's man,
 Fryar, I will not lye :
 If thou take not thy dogs anon,
 I'll take them up and thee.

Little John had a bow in his hand,
 He shot with might and main :
 Soon half a score of the fryar's dogs
 Laid dead upon the plain.

Hold thy hand, good fellow, said the curtal fryar
 Thy master and I will agree,
 And we will have new orders taken
 With all the haste that may be.

If thou wilt forsake fair Fountain-dale,
 And Fountain-abbey free,
 Every funday throughout the year
 A noble shall be thy fee.

Every funday throughout the year
 Changed shall thy garment be,
 And if thou wilt go to fair Nottingham,
 And there remain with me.

The curtal fryar had kept Fountain-dale,
 Seven long years, and more :
 There was neither knight, lord, nor earl
 Could make him yield before.

XXVI.

Robin Hood newly reviv'd : or, his meeting and fighting
 with his cousin Scarlet.

COME listen awhile, you gentlemen all,
 That are his bower within ;
 For a story of gallant Robin Hood,
 I propose now to begin.

What time of day ? quoth Robin Hood,
 Quoth Little John, 'tis in the prime :
 Why then we will to the green wood gang,
 For we have no victuals to dine.

As Robin Hood rode the forest along,
 It was in the midst of the day ;
 There he was aware of a deist young man,
 As ever walk'd on the way.

His doublet was of filk he said,
 His stockings like scarlet shone;
 And bravely he walked along the way,
 To Robin Hood then unknown.

A herd of deer was in the bend,
 All feeding before his face :
 Now the best of you I'll have to my dinner,
 And that in a little space.

Now the stranger he made no mickle ado,
 But he bent a right good bow,
 And the best of all the herd he slew,
 Full forty yards him fro'.

Well shot, well shot, said Robin Hood then,
 That shot it was in time ;
 And if thou wilt accept of the place,
 Thou shalt be a bold yeoman of mine.

Go play the chivan, the stranger then said,
 Make haste and quickly go,
 Or with my fist, be sure of this,
 I'll give thee buffets flo'.

Thou hadst not best buffet me, quoth Robin Hood,
 For altho' I am forlorn,
 Yet I have those will take my part,
 If I do blow my horn.

Thou

Thou had'st not best wind thy horn, the stranger said,
Be'st thou never so much in haste,
For I can draw a good broad sword
And quickly cut the blast.

Then Robin Hood bent a very good bow,
To shoot, and that he would fain;
The stranger he bent a very good bow,
To shoot at bold Robin again.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, quoth Robin Hood,
To shoot, it would be in vain;
For if we shoot the one at the other,
The one of us must be slain.

But let's take our swords and our broad bucklers,
And gang under yonder tree.
As I hope to be fav'd, the stranger he said,
One foot I will not flee.

Then Robin Hood lent the stranger a blow,
Most scared him out of his wits:
Thou never felt blow, the stranger he said,
That shall be better quits.

The stranger then with a good broad sword
Hit Robin on the crown,
That from every hair of bold Robin Hood's head
The blood it ran trickling down.

God-a-mercy good fellow, quoth Robin Hood then,
 And for this thou hast done,
 Tell me good fellow, who thou art,
 Tell me where thou do'st won.

The stranger then answer'd bold Robin Hood,
 I'll tell thee where I do dwell;
 In Maxfield-town I was born and bred,
 My name is young Gamewell.

For killing of my father's steward,
 Am forc'd to this English wood,
 And for to seek an uncle of mine,
 Some call him Robin Hood.

But art thou a cousin of Robin Hood then?
 The sooner we shall have done:
 As I hope to be sav'd, the stranger then said,
 I am his own sister's son.

But lord what kissing and courting was there,
 When these two cousins did meet!
 And they went all that summer's day,
 And Little John did not meet.

And when they met with Little John,
 He then unto him did say;
 O master, pray where have you been,
 You have tarry'd so long away?

I met with a stranger, quoth Robin Hood,
Full fore he hath beaten me;
Then I'll have a bout with him, quoth Little John,
And try if he can beat me.

O no, O no, quoth Robin Hood then,
Little John, it may not be so;
For he is my own dear sister's son,
And cousins I have no more,

But he shall be a bold yeoman of mine
My chief man next to thee;
And I Robin Hood, and thou Little John,
And Scarlet he shall be.

And we'll be three of the bravest outlaws
That live in the north country.
If thou wilt hear more of bold Robin Hood,
In the second part it will be.

Then bold Robin Hood to the north he went,
With valour and mickle might,
With sword by his side, which oft had been try'd,
To fight, and recover his right.

The first that he met was a bonny bold Scot,
His servant he said he would be;
No, quoth Robin Hood, it cannot be good,
For thou wilt prove false unto me.

Thou hast not been true to fire or cuz,
Nay, marry, the Scot he said,
As true as your heart, I'll never part,
Good master, be not afraid.

Then Robin Hood turned his face to the east,
Fight on, my merry men stout;
Our case is good, quoth brave Robin Hood,
And we shall not be beaten out.

The battle grew hot on every side,
The Scotchmen made great moan;
Quoth Jockey, geud faith, they fight on each side,
Would I were with my wife Joan.

The enemy compass'd brave Robin about,
'Tis long e'er the battle ends;
There's neither will yield, nor give up the field,
For both are supply'd with friends.

This song it was made in Robin Hood's days;
Let's pray unto Jove above,
To give us true peace, that mischief may cease,
And war may give place unto love.

XXVII.

Renowned Robin Hood ; or, his famous archery truly
related, in the worthy exploits he performed before
queen Catherine.

GOLD ta'en from the king's harbingers,
As seldom hath been seen,
And carried by bold Robin Hood,
For a present to the queen.

If that I live one year to an end,
Thus did queen Catherine say ;
Bold Robin Hood, I'll be thy friend,
And all thy yeomen gay.

The queen is to her chamber gone,
As fast as she could wen ;
She calls unto her lovely page,
His name was Richard Partington.

Come thou hither to me, thou lovely page,
Come thou hither to me ;
For thou must post to Nottingham,
As fast as thou can'st dree ;

And as thou go'st to Nottingham,
 Search every English wood,
 Enquire of one good yeoman or another,
 That can tell thee of bold Robin Hood,

Sometimes he walk'd, sometimes he ran,
 As fast as he could wen,
 And when he came to Nottingham,
 There he took up his inn.

He calls for a bottle of Rhenish wine,
 And drinks a health to the queen,
 Wishing he might now speedily
 Find out jolly Robin.

There set a yeoman by his side,
 Who said, sweet page, tell me
 What is thy business, and thy cause,
 So far in the north country?

This is my business and my cause,
 Sir, I'll tell it you for good,
 To enquire of one good yeoman or another,
 To tell me of Robin Hood.

I'll get my horse betimes in the morn,
 Be it by the break of day,
 And I will shew thee bold Robin Hood,
 And all his yeomen gay.

When

When that he came to Robin Hood's place,

He fell down on his knee,

Queen Catharine she does greet you well,

She greets you well by me.

She bids you post to fair London court

Not fearing any thing;

For there shall be a little sport,

And she has sent you her ring.

Robin Hood took his mantle from his back,

It was of Lincoln-green,

And sent it by this lovely page,

For a present to the queen.

In summer-time, when leaves grow green,

'Twas a seemly fight to see,

How Robin Hood had drest himself

And all his yeomandree.

He cloathed his men in Lincoln green,

And himself in scarlet red;

Black hats, white feathers all alike,

Now bold Robin Hood is rid.

And when he came to London court,

He fell down on his knee.

Thou art welcome, Lockley, said the queen,

And all thy yeomandree.

Come hither, Tepus, said the king,
Bow-bearer after me ;
Come measure me out with the line,
How long our mark must be.

What is this wager? said the queen,
For that I must know here ;
Three hundred ton of Rhenish wine,
Three hundred ton of beer,

Three hundred of the fattest harts
That run on Dallen lee ;
That's a princely wager, said the queen,
That I must needs tell thee.

With that bespoke one Clifton then,
Full quickly and full soon,
Measure no mark for us, most sovereign liege,
We will shoot at sun and moon.

Full fifteen score your marks shall be,
Full fifteen score shall stand :
I'll lay my bow, said Clifton then,
I'll cleave the willow wand.

With that the king's archers led about,
'Till it was three to one ;
With that the ladies began for to shout,
Madam your game is gone.

A boon,

A boon, a boon, queen Catherine cries,
I crave it on my knee,
Is there ever a knight of your privy council
On queen Catherine's side will be?

Come hither to me, Sir Robert Lee,
Thou art a knight full good;
For I do know by thy pedigree,
Thou sprung'st from Gower's blood.

Come hither to me, thou bishop of Herefordshire,
For a noble priest was he;
By my silver mitre, said the bishop then,
I'll not bet one penny.

The king has archers of his own
Full ready and full right:
And these be strangers every one
No man knows what they hight.

What wilt thou bet? said Robin Hood,
Thou see'st our game's the worse;
By my silver mitre, then said the bishop,
All the money within my purse.

What is in thy purse? said Robin Hood,
Now throw it on the ground;
Ninety-nine angels, said the bishop,
It's near an hundred pound.

Robin

Robin Hood took his bag from his side,
 And threw it on the green ;
 Will Scarlet then went smiling away,
 I know who this money must win.

With that the king's archers led about,
 While it was three to three ;
 With that the ladies gave a shout,
 Woodcock, beware thy knee.

It is three to three now, said the king,
 The next three pays for all ;
 Robin Hood went and whisper'd the queen,
 The king's part shall be but small.

Then Robin Hood did leap about,
 He shot it under hand ;
 And Clifton with a bearing arrow,
 He clove the willow wand.

And little Midge, the miller's son,
 He shot not much the worse ;
 He shot within a finger of the prick ;
 Now bishop, beware thy purse.

A boon, a boon, queen Catherine cries,
 I crave it on my bare knee,
 That you will angry be with none
 That is of my party.

They

They shall have forty days to come,
And forty days to go,
And three times forty to sport and play,
Then welcome friend or foe.

Thou art welcome, Robin Hood, said the queen,
And so is Little John,
And so is Midge the miller's son:
Thrice welcome every one.

Is this Robin Hood? the king then said,
For it was told to me,
That he is slain in the palace gate,
So far in the north country.

Is this Robin Hood? quoth the bishop then,
As it seems well to be;
Had I known it had been that bold outlaw,
I would not have bet one penny.

He took me late one Sunday night,
And bound me fast to a tree,
And made me sing a mass, God wot
To him and his yeomandree.

What, and if I did, says Robin Hood,
Of that mass I was full fain;
For recompence of that, he says,
Here's half thy gold again.

Now

Now nay, now away, says Little John,
 Master, that may not be,
 We must give gifts to the king's officers ;
 That gold will serve thee and me.

XXVIII.

Robin Hood's chace ; or, a merry progress between
 Robin Hood and king Henry.

COME you gallants all, to you I call,
 That are now in this place ;
 For a song I will sing of Henry our king,
 How he did bold Robin Hood chace.

Queen Catherine she then a match did make,
 As plainly doth appear,
 For three hundred ton of wine,
 And three hundred ton of beer :

But she had her archers to seek,
 With their bows and arrows so good ;
 But her mind it was bent, with a full intent,
 To send for bold Robin Hood.

But

But when bold Robin Hood he came there,
 Queen Catherine she did say,
 Thou art welcome, Locksley, unto me,
 And thou on my part must be.

If I miss the mark, be it light or dark,
 And all my yeomen gay,
 For a match of shooting I have made
 Then hanged will I be.

But when the game came to be play'd,
 Bold Robin won it with grace;
 But after the king was angry with him,
 And vow'd he would him chase.

What tho' his pardon granted was,
 While he with him did stay;
 But yet the king was vex'd at him
 When he was gone away.

Soon after the king from court did hie,
 In a furious angry mood,
 And often enquired both far and near
 After bold Robin Hood.

But when the king to Nottingham came,
 Bold Robin was in the wood:
 O come said he, and let me see
 Who can find bold Robin Hood.

But

But when bold Robin he did hear,
 The king had him in chace;
 Then said Little John, 'tis time to be gone,
 And that to another place.

And away they went to merry Sheerwood,
 And into Yorkshire he did hie,
 And the king did follow with a hoop and a hallo,
 But could not him come high.

Yet jolly Robin he passed along,
 And went straight to Newcastle town,
 And there they staid hours two or three
 And then he to Berwick was gone.

When the king did see how Robin did flee,
 He was vexed wonderous fore;
 With a hoop and a hallo he vowed to follow,
 And take him, or never give o'er.

Come now let's away, said Little John,
 Let any man follow that dare;
 To Carlisle we'll hie, with our company,
 And so then to Lancaster.

From Lancaster then to Chester he went,
 And so did good king Henry;
 But Robin went away, for he durst not stay,
 For fear of some treachery.

Says

Says Robin come let us for London go,
To see our noble queen's face:
It may be she wants our company,
Which makes the king us chace,

When Robin he came queen Catherine before,
He fell upon his knee;
If it please your grace, I am come to this place,
To speak with king Henry.

Queen Catherine answer'd bold Robin again,
The king is gone to merry Sheerwood,
And when he went away to me he did say,
He would go and seek Robin Hood.

Then fare you well my gracious queen,
For to Sheerwood I'll hie apace;
For fain would I see what he'd have with me,
If I could but meet with his grace.

But when king Henry he came home,
Full weary, and vex'd in mind;
And that he did hear Robin had been there,
He blamed dame fortune unkind.

You're welcome home, queen Catherine cry'd,
Henry, my sovereign liege;
Bold Robin Hood, the archer good,
Your person hath been to seek.

A boon, a boon, queen Catherine cry'd,
 I beg it here of your grace,
 To pardon his life and seek not strife;
 And so ends Robin Hood's chace.

XXIX.

Robin Hood's golden prize. Shewing how he robb'd
 two priests of five hundred pounds.

I HAVE heard talk of Robin Hood,
 And of brave Little John,
 Of fryar Tuck, and Will Scarlet,
 Locksley, and maid Marrian.

But such a tale as this before,
 I think, was never known;
 For Robin Hood disguised himself,
 And from the wood is gone.

Like to a fryar bold Robin Hood
 Was accoutred in his array:
 With hood, gown, beeds, and crucifix,
 He passed upon the way.

He had not gone past miles two or three,
But it was his chance to espy,
Two lusty priests clad all in black,
Come riding gallantly.

Benedicite, then said Robin Hood,
Some pity on me take;
Cross you my hand with a single groat,
For our dear lady's sake.

For I have been wand'ring all this day,
And nothing could I get;
Not so much as one poor cup of drink,
Nor bit of bread to eat.

Now by our holy dame, the priests reply'd,
We never a penny have,
For we this morning have been robb'd,
And could no money save.

I am much afraid, said bold Robin Hood,
That you do both tell a lye;
And now before you do go hence,
I am resolv'd to try.

When as the priests heard him say so,
Then they rode away amain;
But Robin Hood betook to his heels,
And soon overtook them again.

Then Robin Hood laid hold of them both,
And pull'd them down from their horse.
O spare us, fryar, the priest cry'd out,
On us have some remorse.

You said, you had no money, quoth Robin Hood,
Wherefore, without delay,
We three will fall down upon our knees,
And for money we will pray.

The priests they could not him gainsay,
But down they kneel with speed :
Send us, O send us, then quoth they,
Some money to serve our need.

The priests did pray with mournful chear,
Sometimes their hands did wring ;
Sometimes they wept and tore their hair,
Whilst Robin did merrily sing.

When they had been praying for an hour's space,
The priests did still lament ;
Then quoth Robin, now let us see
What money heaven hath us sent.

We will be sharers all alike
Of money that we have ;
And there is never a one of us
That his fellow shall deceive.

The priests their hands in the pockets put
But money could find none :
We will search ourselvcs, said Robin Hood
Each other, one by one.

Then Robin Hood took pains to search them
And found good store of gold,
Five hundred pieces presently
Upon the grafs he told.

Here is a brave shew, said Robin Hood,
Such store of gold to see,
And you each one shall have a part,
Because you prayed so heartily,

He gave them fifty pounds a piece,
And the rest himself did keep :
The priests they durst not speak one word,
But sighing wond'rous deep.

With that the priests rose from their knees,
Thinking to have parted so :
Nay, nay, says Robin Hood, one thing more,
I'll have to say e'er you go :

You shall be sworn, says bold Robin Hood,
Upon this holy grafs,
That you will never tell lies again,
Which way soever you do pass.

The second oath that you here must make,
 That all the days of your lives,
 You never shall tempt maids unto sin,
 Nor lie with other mens wives.

The last oath you shall take, is this,
 Be charitable to the poor ;
 Say you met with a holy fryar,
 And I desire no more.

He set them on their horses again,
 And away then they did ride ;
 And he return'd to the merry green wood,
 With great joy, mirth, and pride.

XXX.

Robin Hood rescuing Will. Stutely from the sheriff and
 his men, who had taken him prisoner, and were going
 to hang him.

WHEN Robin Hood in the green wood stood,
 Under the green wood tree,
 Tidings there came to him with speed,
 Tidings for certainty

That

That Will. Stutely surprized was,
And eke in prifon lay;
Three varlets that the king had hir'd,
Did basely him betray,

Ay, and to-morrow hanged muft be,
To-morrow as foon as 'tis day;
Before they could the victory get,
Two of them did Stutely flay.

When Robin Hood did hear this news,
Lord! it did grieve him fore;
And to his merry men he did fay,
Who all together fwore,

That Will. Stutely fhould refcu'd be,
And be brought back again:
Or elfe fhould many a gallant wight
For his fake there be flain:

He cloathed himfelf in fcarlet then,
His men were all in green;
A finer fhew throughout the world
In no place could be feen.

Good lord! it was a gallant fight
To fee them all on a row;
With every man a good broad fword,
And eke a good yew bow.

Forth of the green wood are they gone,
Yea all courageously,
Resolving to bring Stutely home,
Or every man to die.

And when they came the castle near,
Wherein Will. Stutely lay;
I hold it good, said Robin Hood,
We here in ambush stay,

And send one forth some news to hear,
To yonder palmer fair,
That stands under the castle-wall:
Some news he may declare.

With that steps forth a brave young man,
Which was of courage bold;
Thus he did speak to the old man,
I pray thee, palmer old,

Tell me, if thou can rightly ken,
When must Will. Stutely die,
Who is one of bold Robin Hood's men,
And here doth prisoner lie.

Alas! alas! the palmer said,
And for ever woe is me!
Will. Stutely hang'd will be this day,
On yonder gallows tree.

O had

O had his noble master known,
He would some succour fend :
A few of his bold yeomandree
Full soon would fetch him hence.

Ay, that is true, the young man said ;
Ay, that is true, said he ;
Or if they were near to this place,
They soon would set him free.

But fare thee well, thou good old man,
Farewel, and thanks to thee ;
If Stutely hanged be this day,
Reveng'd his death will be.

No sooner was he from the palmer gone,
But the gates were open'd wide,
And out of the castle Will. Stutely came,
Guarded on every side.

When he was forth from the castle come,
And saw no help was nigh ;
Thus he did say unto the sheriff,
Thus he said gallantly ;

Now seeing that I needs must die,
Grant me one boon, says he ;
For my noble master ne'er had man
That yet was hang'd on a tree.

Give me a sword all in my hand,
And let me be unbound,
And with thee and thy men I'll fight,
'Till I lie dead on the ground.

But this desire he would not grant,
His wishes were in vain ;
For the sheriff swore he hang'd should be,
And not by the sword be slain.

Do but unbind my hands, he says,
I will no weapon crave ;
And if I hanged be this day,
Damnation let me have.

O no, no, no, the sheriff said,
Thou shalt on the gallows die,
Ay, and so shall thy master too,
If ever it in me lie.

O dastard coward, Stutely cries,
Faint-hearted peasant slave !
If ever my master do thee meet,
Thou shalt thy payment have.

My noble master doth thee scorn,
And all thy cowardly crew ;
Such silly imps unable are
Bold Robin to subdue.

But

But when he was to the gallows gone,
And ready to bid adieu,
Out of a bush steps Little John,
And comes Will. Stutely to;

I pray thee, Will. before thou die,
Of thy dear friends take leave,
I needs must borrow him awhile,
How say you, master shrieve?

Now, as I live, the sheriff said,
That varlet will I know :
Some sturdy rebel is that fame,
Therefore let him not go.

Then Little John most hastily
Away cut Stutely's bands,
And from one of the sheriff's men
A sword twitch'd from his hands.

Here Will. take thou this fame,
Thou can'st it better sway ;
And here defend thyself awhile,
For aid will come straitway.

And there they turn'd them back to back,
In the midst of them, that day,
'Till Robin Hood approached near,
With many an archer gay.

With

With that an arrow from them flew,
I wist from Robin Hood ;
Make haste, make haste, the sheriff he said,
Make haste for it is not good.

The sheriff is gone, and his doughty men
Thought it no boot to stay,
But, as their master had them taught,
They ran full fast away.

O stay, O stay, Will. Stutely said,
Take leave 'ere you depart :
You ne'er will catch bold Robin Hood,
Unless you dare him meet.

O ill betide you, said Robin Hood,
That you so soon are gone ;
My sword may in the scabbard rest,
For here our work is done.

I little thought, Will. Stutely said
When I came to this place,
For to have met with Little John,
Or seen my master's face.

Thus Stutely was at liberty set,
And safe brought from his foe ;
O thanks, O thanks to my master,
Since here it was not so.

And

And once again, my fellows all,
We shall in the green wood meet,
Where we will make our bow-strings twang,
Musick for us most sweet.

XXXI.

The noble Fisher-man : or, Robin Hood's preferment.

IN summer time when leaves grow green,
When they do grow both green and long,
Of a bold outlaw, call'd Robin Hood,
It is of him I sing this song.

When the lilly leaf, and cowslip sweet
Both bud and spring with merry cheer,
This outlaw was weary of the wood side,
And a chafing of the king's deer.

The fishermen brave, more money have,
Then any merchant, two or three ;
Therefore I will to Scarborough go,
That I a fisherman may be.

This

This outlaw call'd his merry men all,
As they set under the green wood tree;
If any of you have gold to spend,
I pray you heartily spend it with me.

Now, quoth Robin Hood, I'll to Scarborough
It seems to be a very fine day:
He took up his inn, at a widow woman's house
Hard by the waters gray,

Who asked him, where wert thou born?
O tell me where thou dost fare?
I am a poor fisherman, said he then,
This day intrapped all in care.

What is thy name, thou fine fellow?
I pray thee heartily tell to me?
In mine own country, where I was born,
Men call me Simon over the Lee.

Simon, Simon, said the good wife,
I wish thou may'st well brook thy name,
The outlaw was aware of her courtesy,
And rejoiced he had got such a dame.

Simon, wilt thou be my man?
And good round wages I'll give thee;
I have a good ship of my own,
As any that sails upon the sea.

Anchors and planks thou shalt want none,

Masts and planks that are so long.

And if that thou wilt furnish me,

Said Simon, nothing shall go wrong.

They pluck'd up anchor, and away did sail,

More of a day than two or three;

When others cast in their baited hooks,

The bare lines into the sea cast he.

It will be long, said the master then,

E'er this great lubber do thrive on the sea,

He shall have no share in our fish,

For in truth he is in no part worthy.

O woe is me, said Simon then,

This day that I ever came here,

I wish I were in Plumpton-park,

Chasing of the fallow deer.

For every clown laugheth me to scorn,

And by me sets nothing at all;

If I had them in Plumpton-park,

I would set as little by them all.

They pluck'd up anchor and away did sail,

More of a day than two or three;

But Simon 'spy'd a ship of war,

That sail'd toward them vigorously.

O woe

O woe is me, said the master then,
This day that ever I was born;
For all the fish that we have got,
Is every bit lost and forlorn!

For these French robbers on the sea,
They will not spare of us one man,
But carry us to the coast of France,
And lay us in a prison strong.

But Simon said, do not fear them,
Neither, master, take you care;
Give me a bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare.

Hold thy peace, thou long lubber,
For thou art nought but brags and boast;
If I should cast you over board,
There is but a simple lubber lost,

Simon grew angry at these words,
And so angry then was he:
Then he took his bent bow in his hand,
And in the ship hatch goeth he.

Master, tye me to the mast, he said
That at my mark I may stand fair,
And give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare.

He drew his arrow to the head,
And drew it with might and main;
And strait in the twinkling of an eye,
To the Frenchman's heart the arrow gain.

The Frenchmen fall down on the hatch,
And under the hatches down below;
Another Frenchman that him espy'd,
The dead corpse into the sea did throw.

O master, loose me from the mast he said,
And for them all take you no care,
And give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare.

Then strait he boarded the French ship,
They lying all dead in their fight;
They found within their ship of war
Twelve thousand pounds of money bright.

The one half of the ship, said Simon then,
I'll give to my dame and children small;
The other half of the ship I'll give,
To you that are my fellows all.

But now bespoke the master then,
For so, Simon, it shall not be;
For if you have won it with your hands,
And the owner of it you must be;

It shall be so as I have said,
 And with this gold for the oppressed
 An habitation will I build,
 Where they shall live in peace and rest.

XXXII.

Robin Hood's delight; or, a new combat fought between Robin Hood, Little John, and Will. Scarlet, with three stout keepers in Sheerwood forest.

THERE's some will talk of lords and knights,
 And some of yeomen good:
 But I will tell you of Will. Scarlet,
 Little John and Robin Hood.

They were outlaws as it was well known,
 And men of noble blood,
 And many a time their valour was shown
 In the forest of merry Sheerwood.

Upon a time it chanced so,
 As Robin would have it be,
 They all three would a walking go,
 The pastime for to see.

And

And as they walked the forest along,
Upon a midsummer's day,
There was he aware of three forresters,
Clad all in green array.

With brave long fashions by their sides,
And forest bills in their hands,
They called aloud to these outlaws,
And charged them to stand.

Why, who are you? cry'd bold Robin,
That speak so boldly here;
We three belong to king Henry,
And keepers of his deer.

The devil you are, says Robin Hood,
I am sure it is not so;
We be the keepers of this forest,
And that you soon shall know.

Your coats of green lay on the ground,
And so we will all three,
And take your swords and bucklers round,
And try the victory.

We be content the keepers said,
We be three and no less,
Then, why should we of you be afraid,
As we never did transgress?

Why, if you be keepers in this forest,
We be three rangers good,
And will make you know before you do go,
You met with bold Robin Hood.

We be content thou bold outlaw,
Our valour here to try,
And will make you know before you do go,
We will fight before we fly.

Then, come draw your swords, you bold outlaws,
No longer stand to prate,
But let us try it strait with blows,
For cowards we do hate.

Here is one for Will. Scarlet,
And another for Little John,
And I myself for Robin Hood,
Because he is stout and strong.

So they fell to it full hard and sore,
It was on a midsummer day ;
From eight of the clock, 'till two and past,
They all shew'd gallant play.

There Robin, Will. and Little John,
They fought most manfully,
'Till all their wind was spent and gone,
Then Robin aloud did cry :

O hold,

O hold, O hold, cries bold Robin,
I see you be stout men ;
Let me blow one blast on my bugle horn,
Then I'll fight with you again.

That bargain is to make, Robin Hood,
Therefore we it deny ;
Thy blast upon the bugle horn
Cannot make us fight or fly.

Therefore fall on or else be gone,
And yield to us the day :
It never shall be said that we are afraid
Of thee, or thy yeomen gay.

If that be so, cries Robin Hood,
Let me but know your names,
And in the forest of merry Sheerwood,
I shall extol your fames.

And with our names one of them said,
What hast thou here to do ?
Except thou will now fight it out,
Our names thou shalt not know.

We'll fight no more, says bold Robin Hood,
You be men of valour stout ;
Come and go with me to Nottingham,
And there we will fight it out.

With a but of sack we will bang it about,
 To see who wins the day ;
 And for the cost make you no doubt,
 I have gold enough to pay,

And ever hereafter as long as we live,
 We all will brethren be ;
 For I love those men with heart and hand,
 That will fight and never flee.

So away they went to Nottingham,
 With sack to make amends ;
 In three days they the wine did chace,
 And drank themselves good friends.

XXXIII.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR.

COME light and listen, you gentlemen all,
 That mirth do love for to hear,
 And a story true I'll tell to you,
 If that you will but draw near.

In elder times when merriment were,
And archery was holden good,
There was an outlaw as many do know,
Which men call Robin Hood.

Upon a time it chanced so,
Bold Robin was merry dispos'd,
His time for to spend he did intend,
Either with friends or foes,

Then he got up on a gallant steed,
The which was worth angels ten,
With a mantle of green, most brave to be seen,
He left all his merry men.

And riding towards Nottingham,
Some pastime for to 'spy,
There was he aware of a jolly beggar
As e'er he beheld with his eye.

An old patch'd coat the beggar had on,
Which he daily did use for to wear;
And many a bag about him did wag,
Which made Robin Hood to him repair.

God speed, God speed, said Robin Hood then,
What countryman? tell unto me.
I am Yorkshire, sir, but ere you go far,
Some charity give unto me.

I have no money, said Robin Hood then,
But a ranger within the wood,
I am an outlaw as many do know,
My name is Robin Hood.

But yet I must tell thee, bonny beggar,
That a bout with thee I must try;
Thy coat of grey lay down I say,
And my mantle of green shall lie by.

Content, content, the beggar he cry'd,
Thy part it will be the worse;
For I hope this bout to give thee the rout,
And then have at thy purse.

The beggar he had a mickle long staff,
And Robin he had a nut-brown sword;
The beggar drew nigh, and at Robin let fly,
But gave him never a word.

Fight on, fight on, said Robin Hood then,
This game well pleaseth me,
For every blow that Robin gave,
The beggar gave buffets three.

And fighting there full hardy and sore,
Not far from Nottingham town,
They never fled 'till from Robin Hood's head
The blood it run trickling down.

O hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
And thou and I will agree :
If that be true, the beggar he said,
Thy mantle come give unto me.

Now a change, a change, said Robin Hood,
Thy bags and coat give me ;
And this mantle of mine I'll to thee resign,
My horse and my bravery.

Then Robin had got the beggar's cloaths,
He looked round about ;
Methinks, said he, I seem to be
A beggar brave and stout.

For now I have a bag for my bread,
So I have another for my corn :
I have one for falt, and another for malt,
And one for my little horn,

And now I will a begging go,
Some charity for to find ;
And if any more of Robin you'll know,
In the second part it's behind.

Now Robin he is to Nottingham bound,
With his bag hanging down to his knee,
His staff and his coat scarce worth a groat,
Yet merrily passed he.

As Robin he passed the streets along,
He heard a pitiful cry;
Three brethren dear, as he did hear,
Condemned were to die.

Then Robin he hied to the sheriff's house,
Some relief for to seek;
He skipt and leap'd and caper'd full high,
As he went along the street.

But when to the sheriff's house he came,
There a gentleman fine and brave,
Thou beggar, said he, come tell unto me
What is it thou would'st have.

No meat, nor drink, said Robin Hood then,
That I come here to crave;
But to get the lives of yeomen three,
And that I fain would have.

That cannot be, thou bold beggar,
Their fact it is so clear;
I tell to thee, they hang'd must be,
For stealing our king's deer.

But when to the gallows they did come,
There was many a weeping eye;
O hold your peace, said Robin Hood then,
For certain they shall not die.

Then

Then Robin he fet his horn to his mouth,
And he blew out blasts three,
'Till a hundred bold archers brave
Came kneeling down to his knee.

What is your will, master? said they,
We are at thy command:
Shoot east, shoot west, said Robin, then,
And see you spare no man.

Then they shot east, and they shot west,
Their arrows were so keen;
The sheriff he, and his company,
No longer could be seen.

Then he stept to those brethren three,
And away he has them ta'en;
The sheriff he was crost, and many a man lost,
That lay dead on the plain.

And away they went to the merry green wood,
And sung with a merry glee,
And Robin Hood took these three brethren good,
To be of his yeomandree.

XXXIV.

Robin Hood, Will. Scarlet, and Little John; or, a narrative of the victory obtained against the prince of Arragon and the two giants; and how Will. Scarlet married the princess.

NOW Robin Hood, Will. Scarlet and Little John,
Are walking over the plain,
With a good fat buck, which Will. Scarlet
With his strong bow had slain.

Jog on, joy on, cries Robin Hood,
The day it runs full fast,
For tho' my nephew me a breakfast gave,
I have not broke my fast.

Then to yonder lodge let us take our way,
I think it wond'rous good,
Where my nephew, my bold yeomen,
Shall be welcom'd unto the green wood.

With that he took the bugle horn,
Full well he could it blow;
Strait from the woods came marching down
One hundred tall fellows and mo.

Stand,

Stand, stand to your arms, cries Will. Scarlet,

Lo the enemies are within ken :

With that Robin Hood he laughed aloud,

Crying, they are my bold yeomen.

Who when they arriv'd, and Robin espy'd,

Crying, master, what is your will?

We thought you had in danger been,

Your horn did sound so shrill.

Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,

The danger is past and gone ;

I would have you welcome, my nephew here,

That has paid me two for one.

In feasting and sporting they spent the day,

'Till Phœbus sunk into the deep ;

Then each one to his quarters hy'd,

His guard there for to keep.

Long had they not walked within the green wood

But Robin he was espy'd

Of a beautiful damsel all alone,

That on a black palfrey did ride.

Her riding-suit was of fable-hue black,

Cyprus over her face,

Through which her rose-like cheeks did blush,

All with a comely grace.

Come

Come tell me the cause, thou pretty one,
Quoth Robin and tell me right,
From whence thou com'st, and whither thou go'st,
All in this mournful plight?

From London I came, the damsel reply'd,
From London upon the Thames,
Which circuled is, O grief to tell!
Besieg'd with foreign arms,

By the proud prince of Arragon,
Who swears by his martial hand,
To have the princess to his spouse,
Or else to waste this land.

Except the champion can be found,
That dare fight three to three,
Against the prince and giants twain,
Most horrid for to see;

Whose grisly looks, and eyes like brands,
Strike terror where they come,
With serpents hissing on their helms,
Instead of feather'd plume.

The princess shall be the victor's prize,
The king hath vow'd and said,
And he that shall the conquest win,
Shall have her to his bride.

Now we are four damsels sent abroad,
To the east, west, north and south,
To try whose fortune is so good,
To bring these champions forth :

But all in vain we have fought about,
But none so bold there are,
That dare adventure life and blood,
To free a lady fair.

When is the day? quoth Robin Hood,
Tell me this and no more.
On midsummer next, the damsel said,
Which is in June, twenty-four.

With that the tears trickled down her cheeks,
And silent was her tongue;
With sighs and sobs she took her leave,
And away her palfrey sprung.

This news struck Robin to the heart,
He fell down on the grass,
His actions and his troubled mind,
Shew'd he perplexed was.

Where lies your grief? quoth Will. Scarlet,
O master, tell to me;
If the damsel's eyes have pierc'd your heart,
I'll fetch her back to thee.

Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
She does not cause my smart ;
But 'tis the poor distress'd princess
That wounds me to the heart ;

I'll go and fight the giants all,
To set the lady free.
The d—l take my soul, quoth Little John,
If I part with thy company.

Must I stay behind ? quoth Will. Scarlet,
No, no, that must not be ;
I'll make the third man in the fight,
So we shall be three to three.

These words cheer'd Robin to the heart,
Joy shone upon his face,
Within his arms he hugg'd them both,
And kindly did embrace.

Quoth he, we'll put on motley grey,
With long staves in our hands,
A scrip and bottle by our sides,
As come from the Holy Lands.

So may we pass along the highway,
None will ask us from whence we came,
But take us pilgrims for to be,
Or else some holy men.

Now

Now they are on their journey gone,
As fast as they may sped,
Yet for all their haste, 'ere they arriv'd,
The princefs forth was led,

To be deliver'd to the prince,
Who in the list did stand,
Prepar'd to fight, or else receive
His lady by the hand.

With that he walk'd about the list,
With giants by his side ;
Bring forth, said he, your champions,
Or bring me forth my bride :

This is the four and twentieth day,
The day prefix'd upon ;
Bring forth my bride, or London burns,
I swear by Alcaron.

Then cries the king, and queen likewise,
Both weeping as they spake,
Lo ! we have brought our daughter dear,
Whom we are forc'd to forsake.

With that stept out bold Robin Hood,
Cries, my liege, it must not be so ;
Such beauty as the fair princefs
Is not for a tyrant's mow.

The prince he then begun to storm,
Cries, fool, fanatick, baboon!
How dare you stop my valour's prize?
I'll kill thee with a frown.

Thou tyrant, Turk, thou infidel,
Thus Robin began to reply,
Thy frowns I scorn; lo! here's my gage,
And thus I thee defy.

And for those two Goliahs there,
That stand on either side,
Here are two little Davids by
That soon can tame their pride.

Then the king did for armour send,
For lances, swords, and shields;
And thus all three in armour bright,
Came marching into the field.

The trumpets began to found a charge,
Each singled out his man;
Their arms in pieces soon were hew'd,
Blood sprang from every vein.

The prince reach'd Robin Hood a blow,
He struck with might and main,
Which made him reel about the field,
As though he had been slain.

God-a-mercy, quoth Robin, for that blow
The quarrel shall soon be try'd,
This stroke shall shew a full divorce
Betwixt thee and thy bride.

So from his shoulders he cut his head,
Which on the ground did fall,
And grumbled fore at Robin Hood,
To be so dealt withal.

The giants then began to rage
To see their prince lie dead;
Thou wilt be the next, says Little John,
Unless thou guard thy head.

With that his falchion he whirl'd about,
It was both keen and sharp;
He clave the giant to the belt,
And cut in twain his heart.

Will. Scarlet well had play'd his part,
The giant he brought to his knee;
Quoth Will. the devil cannot break his fast,
Unless he have you all three.

So with his falchion he run him through,
A deep and ghastly wound;
Who damn'd and foam'd, curs'd and blasphem'd,
And then fell to the ground.

Now all the lifts with shouts were fill'd,
The skies they did resound,
Which brought the princess to herself,
Who had fallen into a swoon.

The king and queen, and princess fair,
Came walking to the place,
And gave the champions many thanks,
And did them farther grace.

Tell me, quoth the king, whence you are,
That thus disguised came,
Whose valour speaks that noble blood,
Doth run thro' every vien.

A boon, a boon, quoth Robin Hood,
On my knees I beg and crave ;
By my crown, quoth the king I grant,
Ask what and thou shalt have.

Then pardon I beg for my merry men,
Which are in the green wood.
For Little John and Will. Scarlet,
And for me bold Robin Hood.

Art thou Robin Hood ? quoth the king ;
For thy valour thou hast shewn,
Your pardon I do freely grant,
And welcome every one.

The princess I promise the victor's prize,
She cannot have you all three;
She shall chuse, quoth Robin; said Little John,
Then little share falls to me.

Then did the princess view all three,
With a comely lovely grace,
And took Will. Scarlet by the hand,
Saying, here I make my choice.

With that a noble lord stepped forth,
Of Maxfield earl was he,
Who look'd Will. Scarlet in the face,
Then wept most bitterly.

Quoth he, I had a son like thee,
Whom I lov'd wond'rous well,
But he is gone, or rather dead,
His name it is young Gamewell.

Then did Will. Scarlet fall on his knees,
Cries, father, father, here,
Here kneels your son, your young Gamewell,
You said, you lov'd so dear.

But lord, what embracing and kissing was there
When all these friends were met!
They are gone to the wedding, and so to the bedding,
And so I bid you good night.

XXXV.

LITTLE JOHN AND THE FOUR BEGGARS.

ALL you that delight for to spend some time,
 A merry song for to sing,
 Unto me draw near, and you shall hear
 How Little John went a begging.

As Robin Hood walked the forest along,
 And all his yeomandree.
 Says Robin some of you a begging must go,
 And Little John, it must be thee.

Says John, if I must a begging go,
 I will have a palmer's weed,
 With a staff and a coat, and bags of all sorts,
 The better then shall I speed.

Come now, give me a bag for my bread,
 And another for my cheese,
 And one for a penny, if I get any,
 That nothing I may leese.

Now

Now Little John is a begging gone,
 Seeking for some relief,
 But of all the beggars he met on the way,
 Little John he was the chief.

But as he was walking himself alone,
 Four beggars he chanced to spy,
 Some deaf, some blind, some came behind;
 Says John, here is a brave company.

Good-morrow, said John, my brethren dear,
 Good fortune I had you to see;
 Which way do you go? pray let me know,
 For I want some company.

O what is here to do? said Little John:
 Why ring all these bells? said he,
 What dog is hanging? come let us be ganging,
 That we the truth may see.

Here is no dog, one of them said,
 Good fellow, I tell unto thee;
 But here is one dead, that will give us cheese and bread
 And it may be one single penny.

We have brethren in London, another said,
 So we have at Coventry,
 In Berwick and Dover, and all the wood over,
 But ne'er a crook'd carl like thee.

Therefore stand thee back, thou crooked carl,
And take that knock on the crown;
Nay, says Little John, I'll not be gone,
For a bout I will have of you round.

Now have at you all, said Little John,
If you be so full of your blows,
Fight on all four, and never give o'er,
Whether you be friends or foes.

John nipped the dumb, and made him to roar,
And the blind that could not see;
And he that a cripple had been for seven years,
He made run faster than he,

And flinging them all against the wall,
With many a sturdy bang,
It made John to sing, to hear the gold ring,
And against the walls cry twang,

Then he got out of the beggar's cloak
Three hundred pounds in gold;
Good fortune had I, said Little John,
Such a fight for to behold.

But found he in the beggar's bag
But three hundred and three;
If I drink water while this doth last,
Then an ill death may I die.

And

And my begging trade I will now give o'er,
My fortune hath been so good :
Therefore I will not stay, but I will away
To the forest of merry Sheerwood ;

And when to the forest of Sheerwood he came,
He quickly there did see
Bold Robin Hood, his master good,
And all his company.

What news ? what news ? said Robin Hood,
Come, Little John, tell unto me,
How hast thou sped with thy beggar's trade,
For that I fain would see ?

No news, but good, said Little John,
With begging full well have I sped ;
Three hundred and three I have here for thee,
In silver and gold so red.

When Robin Hood took Little John by the hand,
And danced about the oak-tree ;
If we drink water while this doth last,
Then an ill death may we die.

So to conclude my merry new song,
All you that delight to sing,
'Tis of Robin Hood, that archer good,
And how Little John went a begging.

XXXVI.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE RANGER.

WHEN Phœbus had melted the fickle of ice,
 And likewise the mountains of snow,
 Bold Robin Hood he would ramble to see,
 To frolick abroad with his bow.

He left all his merry men waiting behind,
 Whilst through the green vallies he pass'd,
 Where did he behold a forrester bold,
 Who cry'd out, friend, whither so fast?

I am going, quoth Robin, to kill a fat buck,
 For me and my merry men all;
 Besides, e'er I go, I'll have a fat doe,
 Or else it shall cost me a fall.

You'd best have a care, said the forrester then,
 For these are his majesty's deer;
 Before you shall shoot, the thing I'll dispute,
 For I am head forrester here.

These

These thirteen long summers, said Robin, I'm sure,
My arrows I here have let fly,
Where freely I range ; methinks it is strange
You should have more power than I.

This forrest, quoth Robin, I think is my own,
And so are the nimble deer too ;
Therefore I declare and solemnly swear,
I'll not be affronted by you.

The forrester he had a long quarter-staff,
Likewise a broad sword by his side ;
Without more ado, he presently drew,
Declaring the truth should be try'd.

Bold Robin Hood had a sword of the best,
Thus e'er he would take any wrong,
His courage was flush, he'd venture a brush,
And thus they went to it ding dong.

The very first blow that the forrester gave,
He made his broad weapon cry twang :
'Twas over the head, he fell down for dead,
O that was a damnable bang !

But Robin he soon did recover himself,
And bravely fell to it again ;
The very next stroke their weapons they broke,
Yet never a man there was slain.

At

At quarter-staff then they resolved to play
Because they would have the other bout;
And brave Robin Hood right valiantly stood,
Unwilling he was to give out.

Bold Robin he gave him very hard blows,
The other return'd them as fast;
At every stroke their jackets did smoke;
Three hours the combat did last.

At length in a rage the bold forrester grew,
And cudgell'd bold Robin so sore,
That he could not stand, so shaking his hand,
He said, let us freely give o'er;

Thou art a brave fellow, I needs must confess
I never knew any so good;
Thou art fit to be a yeoman for me,
And range in the merry green wood.

I'll give thee this ring as a token of love,
For bravely thou hast acted thy part;
That man that can fight in him I delight,
And love him with all my whole heart,

Then Robin Hood setting his horn to his mouth,
A blast he merrily blew;
His yeomen did hear, and strait did appear,
A hundred with trusty long bows.

Now

Now Little John came at the head of them all,
Cloath'd in a rich mantle of green;
And likewise the rest were gloriously drest,
A delicate fight to be seen!

Lo! these are my yeomen, says Robin Hood,
Thou shalt be one of the train:
A mantle and bow and quiver also,
I give them whom I entertain.

The forrester willingly enter'd the list,
They were such a beautiful fight;
Then with a long bow they shot a fat doe,
And made a rich supper that night.

What singing and dancing was in the green wood,
For joy of another new mate!
With might and delight they spent all the night,
And liv'd at a plentiful rate.

The forrester ne'er was so merry before,
As then he was with these brave souls,
Who never would fail, in wine, beer, or ale,
To take off these cherishing bowls.

Then Robin Hood gave him a mantle of green,
Broad arrows, and a curious long bow:
This done the next day, so gallant and gay,
He marched them all on a row.

Quoth

Quoth he, my bold yeomen, be true to your trust,
 And then we may range the woods wide ;
 They all did declare and solemnly swear,
 They'd conquer, or die by his side.

XXXVII.

ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN.

WHEN Robin Hood was about twenty years old,
 He happened to meet Little John,
 A jolly brisk blade, right fit for the trade,
 For he was a lusty young man.

Tho' he was call'd Little, his limbs they were large,
 And his stature was seven foot high :
 Where ever he came, they quak'd at his name,
 For soon he would make them to fly.

How they came acquainted I'll tell you in brief,

If you would but listen awhile,
 For this very jest among all the rest,
 I think may cause you to smile.

For

For Robin Hood said to his jolly bowmen,
Pray tarry you here in this grove,
And see that you all observe well his call,
While thorough the forest I rove.

We have had no sport these fourteen long days,
Therefore now abroad will I go;
Now should I be beat, and cannot retreat,
My horn I will presently blow.

Then did he shake hands with his merry men all,
And bid them at present good-bye;
Then as near a brook his journey he took,
A stranger he chanc'd to espy.

They happen'd to meet on a long narrow bridge,
And neither of them would give way;
Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily stood,
I'll shew you right Nottingham play,

With that from his quiver an arrow he drew,
A broad arrow with a goose wing;
The stranger reply'd, I'll liker thy hide,
If thou offer to touch the string.

Quoth bold Robin Hood, thou dost prate like an afs,
For were I to bend but my bow,
I could send a dart quite through thy proud heart,
Before thou could'st strike me one blow.

Thou talk'st like a coward, the stranger reply'd
Well arm'd with a long bow you stand,
To shoot at my breast, while I, I protest,
Have nought but a staff in my hand.

The name of a coward, quoth Robin, I scorn,
Therefore my long bow I'll lay by;
And now, for thy sake, a staff I will take,
The truth of thy manhood to try.

Then Robin Hood stept to a thicket of trees,
And chose him a staff of ground oak;
Now this being done, away he did run
To the stranger and merrily spoke:

Lo! see my staff is lusty and tough,
Now, here on this bridge we will play;
Whoever falls in, the other shall win
The batt'e and so we'll away.

With all my whole heart, the stranger reply'd,
I scorn in the least to give out.
This said, they fell to it without more dispute,
And their staffs they did flourish about.

At first Robin gave the stranger a bang,
So hard that he made his bones ring:
The stranger he said, this must be repaid,
I'll give you as good as you bring.

So long as I'm able to handle a staff,
To die in your debt, friend, I scorn,
Then to it both goes, and follow their blows,
As if they had been threshing of corn.

The stranger gave Robin a crack on the crown,
Which caused the blood to appear;
Then Robin enrag'd more fiercely engag'd,
And follow'd his blows more severe.

So thick and so fast he did lay it on him,
With a passionate fury and ire;
At every stroke he made him to smoke,
As if he had been all on fire.

O then in a fury the stranger he grew,
And gave him a damnable look;
And with a blow, which laid him full low,
And tumbled him into the brook.

I prithee, good fellow, where art thou now?
The stranger, in laughter, he cry'd;
Quoth bold Robin Hood, good faith, in the flood,
And floating along with the tide.

I needs must acknowledge thou art a brave soul,
With thee I'll no longer contend;
For needs must I say thou hast got the day,
Our battle shall be at an end.

Then

Then unto the bank he did presently wade,
 And pull'd him out by a thorn ;
 Which done at the last he blew a loud blast
 Straitway on his fine bugle horn :

The echo of which through the vallies did ring,
 At which his stout bowmen appear'd,
 All cloathed in green, most gay to be seen,
 So up to their master they steer'd.

O what is the matter ? quoth Will. Stutely,
 Good master, you are wet to skin ;
 No matter, quoth he, the lad that you see
 In fighting hath tumbled me in.

He shall not go scot free, the others reply'd,
 So strait they were seizing him there,
 To duck him likewise ; but Robin Hood cries,
 He is a stout fellow, forbear.

There's no one shall wrong thee, friend, be not afraid
 These bowmen upon me do wait ;
 There's threescore and nine ; if thou wilt be mine,
 Thou shalt have my livery strait,

And other accoutrements fitting also,
 Speak up, jolly blade, never fear ;
 I'll teach you also the use of the bow,
 To shoot at the fat fallow deer.

Then

O here

O here is my hand, the stranger reply'd,
I'll serve you with all my whole heart;
My name is John Little, a man of good mettle,
Ne'er doubt me, for I'll play my part.

His name shall be alter'd, quoth Will. Stutely,
And I will his godfather be;
Prepare then a feast, and none of the least,
For we will be merry, quoth he.

They presently fetch'd him a brace of fat does,
With humming strong liquor likewise:
They lov'd what was good; so in the green wood
This pretty sweet babe they baptiz'd.

He was I must tell you, but seven feet high,
And may be an ell in the waist;
He was a sweet lad; much feasting they had,
Bold Robin the christening grac'd,

With all his bowmen, which stood in a ring,
And were of the Nottingham breed;
Brave Stutely came then with seven yeomen,
And did in this manner proceed.

This infant was called John Little, quoth he,
Which name shall be changed anon;
The words we'll transpose; so wherever he goes,
His name shall be call'd Little John.

They all with a shout made the elements ring,
So soon as the office was o'er,
To feasting they went, with true merriment,
And tippled strong liquors gillore.

Then Robin he took the pretty sweet babe,
And cloath'd him from top to toe
In garments of green most gay to be seen,
And gave him a curious long bow.

Thou shalt be an archer as well as the best,
And range in the green wood with us,
Where we will not want gold nor silver, behold,
While bishops have ought in their purse.

We live here like 'squires or lords of renown,
Without e'er a foot of free land;
We feast on good cheer, with wine, ale and beer,
And every thing at our command.

Then musick and dancing did finish the day,
At length, when the sun waxed low,
Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,
And unto their caves they did go.

And so ever after, as long as they liv'd,
Although he be proper and tall,
Yet nevertheless, the truth to express,
Still Little John they did him call.

XXXVIII.

The bishop of Hereford's entertainment by Robin Hood
and Little John, &c. in merry Barnsdale.

SOME they will talk of bold Robin Hood,
And some of barons bold;
But I'll tell you how they serv'd the bishop of Hereford,
When he robb'd him of his gold.

As it befel in merry Barnsdale,
And under the green wood tree,
The bishop of Hereford was to come by,
With all his company.

Come kill a ven'son said bold Robin Hood,
Come kill me a good fat deer,
The bishop of Hereford is to dine with me to-day,
And he shall pay well for his cheer.

We'll kill a fat ven'son, said bold Robin Hood,
And dress it by the highway side,
And we will watch the bishop narrowly,
Lest some other way he should ride.

Robin Hood drefs'd himself in shepherd's attire,
With fix of his men also ;
And when the bishop of Hereford came by
They about the fire did go.

O what is the matter ? then said the bishop,
Or for whom do you make this a-do ;
Or why do you kill the king's ven'son,
When your company is so few ?

We are shepherds, said bold Robin Hood,
And we keep sheep all the year,
And we are disposed to be merry this day,
And to kill of the king's fat deer.

You are brave fellows, said the bishop,
And the king of your doings shall know,
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
For before the king you shall go.

O pardon, O pardon, said bold Robin Hood,
O pardon, I thee pray ;
For it becomes not your lordship's coat
To take so many lives away.

No pardon, no pardon, says the bishop,
No pardon I thee owe ;
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
For before the king you shall go.

Then

Then Robin he fet his back against a tree,
And his foot against a thorn,
And from underneath his shepherd's coat,
He pull'd out a bugle horn.

He put the little end to his mouth,
And a loud blast he did blow,
'Till threescore and ten of bold Robin's men
Came running all on a row ;

All making obeysance to bold Robin Hood,
'Twas a comely fight to see.
What is the matter, master ? said Little John,
That you blow so hastily ?

O here is the bishop of Hereford,
And no pardon we shall have ;
Cut off his head, master, said Little John,
And throw him into his grave.

O pardon, O pardon, said the bishop,
O pardon, I thee pray ;
For if I had known it had been you,
I'd have gone some other way.

No pardon, no pardon, said Robin Hood,
No pardon I thee owe ;
Therefore make haste and come along with me,
For to merry Barnsdale you shall go.

Then Robin he took the bishop by the hand,
And led him to merry Barnsdale,
He made him to stay and sup with him that night,
And to drink wine, beer, and ale.

Call in a reckoning, said the bishop,
For methinks it grows wond'rous high;
Lend me your purse, master, said Little John,
And I'll tell you bye and bye.

Then Little John took the bishop's cloak,
And spread it upon the ground,
And out of the bishop's portmanteau
He told three hundred pound.

Here's money enough, master, said Little John,
And a comely fight 'tis to see;
It makes me in charity with the bishop,
Tho' he heartily loveth not me.

Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand,
And he caused the music to play;
And he made the bishop to dance in his boots,
And glad he could so get away.

XXXIX.

Robin Hood rescuing the three squires from Nottingham
gallows.

BOLD Robin Hood ranging the forest all round,
The forest all round ranged he ;
O there did he meet with a gay lady,
She came weeping along the highway.

Why weep you, why weep you ? bold Robin, he said,
What weep you for gold or fee,
Or do you weep for your maidenhead,
That is taken from your body ?

I weep not for gold, the lady reply'd,
Neither do I weep for fee,
Nor do I weep for my maidenhead,
That is taken from my body ?

What weep you for then ? said jolly Robin,
I prithee come tell unto me :
Oh ! I do weep for my three sons,
For they are all condemned to die,

What church have they robb'd, said jolly Robin,
Or parish priest have they slain?
What maids have they forced against their will,
Or with other men's wives have lain?

No church have they robb'd, this lady reply'd,
Nor parish priest have they slain;
No maids have they forced against their will,
Nor with other men's wives have lain.

What have they done then? said jolly Robin,
Come tell me most speedily?
Oh! it is for killing the king's fallow deer,
And they are all condemned to die.

Get you home, get you home, said jolly Robin,
Get you home most speedily,
And I will unto fair Nottingham go,
For the sake of the 'squires all three.

Then bold Robin Hood for Nottingham goes,
For Nottingham town goes he,
O there did he meet with a poor beggar-man,
He came creeping along the highway.

What news, what news, thou old beggar-man,
What news come tell unto me?
O there's weeping and wailing in Nottingham,
For the death of the 'squires all three.

This

This beggar-man had a coat on his back,
'Twas neither green, yellow, nor red;
Bold Robin Hood thought 'twas no disgrace
To be in the beggar-man's stead.

Come pull off thy coat, thou old beggar-man,
And thou shalt put on mine,
And forty good shillings I'll give thee to boot,
Besides brandy, good beer, ale, and wine.

Bold Robin Hood then unto Nottingham came,
Unto Nottingham town came he;
O there did he meet with great master sheriff,
And likewise the 'squires all three.

One boon, one boon, says jolly Robin,
One boon I beg on my knee,
That as for the death of these three 'squires,
Their hangman I may be.

Soon granted, soon granted, says master sheriff,
Soon granted unto thee;
And you shall have all their gay cloathing,
Ay, and all their white money.

O I will have none of their gay cloathing,
Nor none of their white money,
But I'll have three blasts on my bugle horn,
That their souls to heaven may flee.

Then

Then Robin Hood mounted the gallows so high,
 Where he blew loud and shrill,
 'Till an hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men
 Came marching down the green hill.

Whose men are these? says master sheriff,
 Whose men are they, tell unto me?
 O they are mine, but none of thine,
 And are come for the 'squires all three.

O take them, O take them, says great master sheriff,
 O take them along with thee;
 For there's never a man, in fair Nottingham,
 Can do the like of thee.

XI.

The king's disguise, and friendship with Robin Hood.

KING Richard hearing of the pranks
 Of Robin Hood and his men,
 He much admir'd and more desir'd,
 To see both him and them.

Then

Then with a dozen of his lords,
To Nottingham he rode :
When he came there, he made good cheer,
And took up his abode.

He having staid there some time,
But had no hopes to speed,
He and his lords, with one accord,
All put on monks weeds.

From Fountain-abbey they did ride,
Down to Barnsdale ;
Where Robin Hood, prepared stood,
All company to assail.

The king was higher than the rest,
And Robin thought he had,
An abbot been whom he had seen,
To rob him he was glad.

He took the king's horse by the head,
Abbot, says he, abide ;
I am bound to rue such knaves as you,
That live in pomp and pride.

But we are messengers from the king,
The king himself did say ;
Near to this place his royal grace,
To speak with thee does stay.

God save the king, said Robin Hood,
 And all that wish him well;
 He that does deny his sovereignty,
 I wish he was in hell.

Thyself thou curstest said the king,
 For thou a traytor art:
 Nay, but that you are his messenger,
 I swear you lie in heart;

For I never yet hurt any man
 That honest is and true;
 But those who give their minds to live
 Upon other men's due.

I never hurt the husbandman,
 That use to till the ground:
 Nor spill their blood, that range the wood,
 To follow hawk or hound.

My chiefest spite to clergy is,
 Who in these days bear sway;
 With fryars and monks, with there fine sprunks,
 I make my chiefest prey.

But I am very glad says Robin Hood,
 That I have met you here;
 Come before we end, you shall my friend,
 Taste of our green wood cheer:

The king he then did marvel much,
And so did all his men ;
They thought with fear, what kind of cheer,
Robin would provide for them.

Robin took the king's horse by the head,
And led him to the tent :
'Thou would not be so us'd, quoth he,
But that my king thee sent ;

Nay more than that, quoth Robin Hood,
For good king Richard's sake,
If you had as much gold as ever I told,
I would not one penny take.

Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,
And a loud blast he did blow,
'Till a hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men,
Came marching all of a row.

And when they came bold Robin before,
Each man did bend his knee,
O, thought the king, 'tis a gallant thing,
And a seemly fight to see,

Within himself the king did say,
These men of Robin Hood's
More humble be, than mine to me,
So the court may learn of the woods.

So then they all to dinner went,
Upon a carpet green ;
Black, yellow, red, finely mingled,
Most curious to be seen.

Venison and fowls were plenty there,
With fish out of the river :
King Richard swore, on sea or shore,
He never was feasted better.

Then Robin takes a cann of ale,
Come let us now begin ;
And every man shall have his cann,
Here's a health unto the king.

The king himself drank to the king,
So round about it went ;
Two barrels of ale, both stout and stale,
To pledge that health was spent.

And after that a bowl of wine
In his hand took Robin Hood,
Until I die, I'll drink wine, said he,
While I live in the green wood.

Bend all your bows, said Robin Hood,
And with the grey goose wing,
Such sport now show, as you would do
In the presence of the king.

They

They shewed such brave archery,
By cleaving stick and wands,
That the king did say, such men as they
Live not in many lands.

Well, Robin Hood, then says the king,
If I could thy pardon get,
To serve the king in every thing,
Would'st thou thy mind firm set?

Yes with all my heart, bold Robin said,
So they flung off their hoods,
To serve the king in every thing,
They swore they would spend their blood.

For a clergyman was first my bane,
Which makes me hate them all,
But if you'll be so kind to me,
Love them again I shall.

I am the king, thy sovereign king,
That appears before you all.
When Robin saw that it was he,
Strait then he down did fall.

Stand up again, then said the king,
I'll thee thy pardon give,
Stand up my friend, who can contend,
When I give leave to live?

So they are all gone to Nottingham,
All shouting as they came ;
But when the people them did see,
They thought the king was slain.

And for that cause the outlaws were come,
To rule all as they list ;
And for to shun, which way to run,
The people did not wist.

The plowman left the plow in the fields,
The smith ran from his shop ;
Old folks also, that scarce could go,
Over their sticks did hop.

The king soon did let them understand
He had been in the green wood,
And from that day for evermore
He'd forgiven Robin Hood.

Then the people they did hear,
And the truth was known ;
They all did sing God save the king,
Hang care, the town's our own.

What's that Robin Hood ? then said the sheriff,
That varlet I do hate,
Both me and mine he caused to dine,
And serv'd all with one plate.

Ho,

Ho, ho, said Robin Hood, I know what you mean,
Come take your gold again,
Be friends with me, and I with thee,
And so with every man.

Now master sheriff you are paid,
And since you are beginner,
As well as you give me my due,
For you ne'er paid for that dinner.

But if that it should please the king,
So much your house to grace;
To sup with you for to speak true,
Know you ne'er was base.

The sheriff could not gainsay,
For a trick was put upon him;
A supper was drest, the king was a guest,
But he thought 'twould have undone him.

They are all gone to London court,
Robin Hood with all his train;
He once was there a noble peer
And now he's there again.

XLI.

ROBIN HOOD and the GOLDEN ARROW.

WHEN as the sheriff of Nottingham,
 Was come with mickle grief;
 He talk'd no good of Robin Hood,
 That strong and sturdy thief.

So unto London road he past,
 His losses to unfold
 To king Richard, who did regard
 The tale that he had told.

Why, quoth the king, what shall I do?
 Art thou not sheriff for me?
 The law is in force, to take thy course
 Of them that injure thee.

Go get thee gone, and by thyself
 Devise some tricking game,
 For to enthrall yon rebels all,
 Go take thy course with them.

So away the sheriff he return'd,
And by the way he thought
Of th' words of the king, and how the thing
To pass might well be brought.

For within his mind he imagined,
That when such matches were,
Those outlaws stout, without all doubt,
Would be the bowmen there.

So an arrow with a golden head,
And shaft of silver white,
Who won the day should bear away
For his own proper right.

Tidings came to bold Robin Hood,
Under the green wood tree;
Come prepare you then my merry men,
We'll go yon sport to see.

With that step forth a brave young man,
David of Doncaster,
Master, said he, be rul'd by me,
From the green wood we'll not stir.

To tell truth, I'm well inform'd,
Yon match it is a wile ;
The sheriff I wiss devises this,
Us archers to beguile.

Thou smells of a coward, said Robin Hood,
Thy words do not please me;
Come on 't what will, I'll try my skill,
At yon brave archery.

O then bespoke brave Little John,
Come let us thither gang;
Come listen to me how it shall be,
That we need not be ken'd.

Our mantles all of Lincoln green
Behind us we will leave;
We'll dress us all, so several,
They shall not us perceive,

One shall wear white, another red,
One yellow, another blue;
Thus in disguise, in the exercise
We'll gang whate'er insue.

Forth from the green wood they are gone,
With hearts all firm and stout,
Resolving with the sheriff's men
To have a hearty bout.

So themselves they mixed with the rest,
To prevent all suspicion;
For if they should together hold,
They thought it no discretion.

So the sheriff looking round about,
Amongst eight hundred men,
But could not see the fight that he,
Had long suspected then.

Some said, if Robin Hood was here,
And all his men to boot,
Sure none of them could pass these men,
So bravely they do shoot.

Ay, quoth the sheriff, and scratch'd his head,
I thought he would have been here;
I thought he would, but tho' he's bold,
He durst not now appear.

O that word griev'd Robin Hood to the heart,
He vexed in his blood:
E'er long, thought he, thou shalt well see
That here was Robin Hood.

Some cried blue Jacket, another cried brown,
And a third cried brave yellow;
But the fourth man said, yon man in red;
In this place has no fellow.

For that was Robin Hood himself,
For he was cloath'd in red;
At ev'ry shot the prize he got,
For he was both sure and dead.

So the arrow with the golden head,
 And shaft of silver white,
 Brave Robin Hood won and bore with him,
 For his own proper right.

These outlaws there that very day,
 To shun all kinds of doubt,
 By three or four, no less nor more,
 As they went in came out.

Until they all assembled were
 Under the green wood shade,
 Where they relate in pleasant sport
 What brave pastime they made,

Says Robin Hood, all my care is
 How that yon sheriff may
 Know certainly that it was I
 That bore his arrow away.

Says Little John, my counsel good
 Did take effect before;
 So therefore now if you'll allow,
 I will advise once more.

This I advise, said Little John,
 That a letter shall be penn'd,
 And when it is done, to Nottingham
 You to the sheriff shall send.

That

That is well advifed, faid Robin Hood,
 But how muft it be fent ?
 Pugh ! when you please it's done with eafe,
 Mafter, be you content.

I'll ftick it on my arrow's head,
 And shoot it into the town,
 The mark muft show where it muft go,
 Whenever it lights down.

The project it was well perform'd,
 The fheriff the letter had,
 Which when he read he fcratch'd his head,
 And rav'd like one that's mad.

So we'll leave him chafing in the greafe,
 Which will do him no good :
 Now, my friends attend and hear the end
 Of honeft Robin Hood.

XLII.

ROBIN HOOD and the VALIANT KNIGHT;

Together with an Account of his Death and Burial, &c.

WHEN Robin Hood, and his merry men all,
Had reigned many years,
The king was then told that they had been bold
To his bishops and noble peers.

Therefore they called a council of state,
To know what was to be done,
For to quell their pride, or else they reply'd
The land would be over-run.

Having consulted a whole summer's day,
At length it was agreed,
That one should be sent to try the event,
And fetch him away with speed.

Therefore a trusty and worthy knight
The king was pleased to call,
Sir William by name, when to him he came,
He told him his pleasure all.

Go

Go from thence to bold Robin Hood,
And bid him without more ado,
Surrender himself, or else the proud elf
Shall suffer with all his crew.

Take here an hundred bowmen brave,
All chosen men of might,
Of excellent art for to take thy part,
In glittering armour bright.

Then said the knight, my sovereign liege,
By me they shall be led;
I'll venture my blood against Robin Hood,
And bring him alive or dead.

One hundred men were chosen strait,
As proper as ever men saw:
On midsummer-day they marched away,
To conquer that brave outlaw.

With long yew bows, and shining spears,
They marched in mickle pride,
And never delay'd, or halted, or stay'd
'Till they came to the green wood side.

Said he to his archers, tarry here
Your bows make ready all,
That if need should be, you may follow me,
And see that you observe my call.

I'll go in person first, he cry'd,
With the letters of my good king,
Well sign'd and seal'd, and if he will yield,
We need not draw one string.

He wander'd about 'till at length he came
To the tent of Robin Hood,
The letter he shows; bold Robin arose,
And there on his guard he stood.

They'd have me surrender, quoth bold Robin Hood,
And lie at their mercy then:
But tell them from me, that never shall be,
While I have full seven score men.

Sir William the knight, both hardy and bold,
Did offer to seize him then,
Which William Locksley by fortune did see,
And bid him that trick to forbear.

Then Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
And blew a blast or twain,
And so did the knight, at which there in fight
The archers came all amain.

Sir William with care he drew up his men,
And plac'd them in battle array;
Bold Robin we find, he was not behind;
Now this was a bloody fray:

The

The archers on both sides bent their bows,
And the clouds of arrows flew;
The very first flight that honour'd knight
Did there bid the world adieu.

Yet nevertheless their fight did last
From morning till almost noon;
Both parties were stout, and loth to give out:
This was on the last of June.

At length they went off; one party they went
For London with right good will;
And Robin Hood he to the green wood,
And there he was taken ill.

He sent for a monk, to let him blood,
Who took his life away:
Now this being done, his archers they run,
It was not time to stay.

Some went on board, and cross'd the seas,
To Flanders, France and Spain,
And others to Rome for fear of their doom,
But soon return'd again.

Thus he that never fear'd bow nor spear,
Was murder'd by letting of blood,
And so loving friends, the story doth end
Of valiant bold Robin Hood.

There's

There's nothing remains but his epitaph now,
 Which reader, here you have,
 To this very day read it you may,
 As it was upon his grave.

ROBIN HOOD'S EPITAPH.

Set on his T O M B

By the Priorefs of Birkflay Monastery, in Yorkshire.

ROBIN, Earl of Huntingdon,
 Lies under this little stone;
 No archer was like him so good;
 His wildness nam'd him ROBIN HOOD.
 Full thirteen years, and something more,
 These northern parts he vexed fore.
 Such outlaws as he and his men
 May England never know again.

XLIII.

A WARNING-PIECE to ENGLAND, against
Pride and Wickedness:

Being the fall of queen Eleanor, wife to Edward the first, king of England; who, for her pride, by God's judgments, sunk into the ground at Charing-cross, and rose at Queenhithe.

It can scarce be necessary to observe, that no one circumstance in the life of queen Eleanor affords the least ground for the charges brought against her memory in this ballad. Her character, by the testimony of every historian, appears to have been truly amiable; and what induced the writer to fix these groundless aspersions on her fame is difficult to account for, unless we admit the conjectures of a former editor, which we shall give the reader in his own words.

“ I look upon this song as a severe satyr, written in the
“ days of queen Mary the first. Nor is this barely a con-
“ jecture; for every circumstance which I have advanc’d,
“ to prove that it could not be meant of queen Eleanor,
“ seems to confirm its relation to queen Mary. As, the
“ invention of coaches, which is recorded to have been in
“ her time; her jealousy of a woman who was brought to
“ bed; for queen Mary never had a child, notwithstand-
“ ing that it had been given out in all churches that she
“ was big, and publick prayers made for her safe delivery.
“ Nor can it be thought absurd, that she should be call’d a
“ Spaniard; for she was daughter to Katharine, an in-
“ fanta

“ *fanta of Spain, and (after her coronation) marry’d to*
 “ *Philip, prince of Spain. I do not know what particu-*
 “ *lar fact is meant, by her usage of the mayor of London’s*
 “ *wife; but I am apt to think it spoken of her cruelties in*
 “ *general: And her being swallow’d up, seems to be a*
 “ *threat of the poet’s, that unless she amended, vengeance*
 “ *would overtake her. A plan for this satyr being thus*
 “ *form’d, I am apt to think, our poet look’d back for a*
 “ *Spanish queen, that he might the better disguise his satyr,*
 “ *and not lay himself so open to censure, as he would otherwise*
 “ *have been: And, probably Eleanor was the first Spanish*
 “ *princess whose name he met with. Probably, he chose out*
 “ *this pious queen, that people might easily see, tho’ it was*
 “ *said, it could not be meant of her; and, perhaps, he*
 “ *was glad to mention one so good and virtuous, that peo-*
 “ *ple might look back upon her history, and see the differ-*
 “ *ence between her and the bigotted queen, who then sway’d*
 “ *the English sceptre.”*

WHEN Edward was in England king,
 The first of all that name,
 Proud Ellinor he made his queen,
 A stately Spanish dame:
 Whose wicked life, and sinful pride,
 Thro’ England did excel;
 To dainty dames, and gallant maids,
 This queen was known full well.

She was the first that did invent
 In coaches brave to ride;
 She was the first that brought this land
 To deadly sin of pride.

No English taylor here could serve
To make her rich attire ;
But sent for taylor into Spain,
To feed her vain desire.

They brought in fashions strange and new,
With golden garments bright ;
The farthingale, and mighty ruff,
With gowns of rich delight :
The London dames, in Spanish pride,
Did flourish every where ;
Our English men, like women then,
Did wear long locks of hair.

Both man and child, both maid and wife,
Were drown'd in pride of Spain ;
And thought the Spanish taylor then
Our English men did stain :
Whereat the queen did much despight,
To see our English men
In vestures clad, as brave to see,
As any Spaniard then.

She crav'd the king, that ev'ry man
That wore long locks of hair,
Might then be cut and polled all,
Or shaved very near.

Whereat the king did seem content,
And soon thereto agreed ;
And first commanded, that his own
Should then be cut with speed.

And after that, to please his queen,
Proclaimed thro' the land,
That ev'ry man that wore long hair,
Should poll him out of hand.
But yet this Spaniard, not content,
To women bore a spite,
And then requested of the king,
Against all law and right,

That ev'ry womankind should have
Their right breast cut away ;
And then with burning irons fear'd,
The blood to stanch and stay !
King Edward then perceiving well
Her spite to womankind,
Devised soon by policy,
To turn her bloody mind ;

He sent for burning irons straight,
All sparkling hot to see ;
And said, " O queen, come on thy way ;
" I will begin with thee."

Which

Which words did much displease the queen,
That penance to begin ;
But ask'd him pardon on her knees ;
Who gave her grace therein.

But afterwards she chanc'd to pass
Along brave London streets,
Whereas the mayor of London's wife
In stately fort she meets ;
With music, mirth and melody,
Unto the church they went,
To give God thanks, that to th' lord mayor
A noble son had sent.

It grieved much this spiteful queen,
To see that any one
Should so exceed in mirth and joy,
Except herself alone :
For which, she after did devise
Within her bloody mind,
And practis'd still most secretly,
To kill this lady kind.

Unto the mayor of London then
She sent her letters straight,
To send his lady to the court,
Upon her grace to wait.

But when the London lady came
Before proud El'nor's face ;
She stript her from her rich array,
And kept her vile and base.

She sent her into Wales with speed
And kept her secret there ;
And us'd her still more cruelly
Than ever man did hear.

She made her wash, she made her starch,
She made her drudge alway ;
She made her nurse up children small,
And labour night and day.

But this contented not the queen,
But shew'd her most despite ;
She bound this lady to a post,
At twelve a clock at night.
And as, poor lady, she stood bound,
The queen (in angry mood)
Did set two snakes unto her breast,
That suck'd away her blood.

Thus dy'd the mayor of London's wife,
Most grievous for to hear :
Which made the Spaniard grow more proud,
As after shall appear.

The wheat that daily made her bread,
Was bolted twenty times ;
The food that fed this stately dame,
Was boil'd in costly wines.

The water that did spring from ground,
She would not touch at all ;
But wash'd her hands with the dew of heav'n,
That on sweet roses fall.
She bath'd her body many a time
In fountains fill'd with milk ;
And ev'ry day did change attire,
In costly Median filk.

But coming then to London back,
Within her coach of gold,
A tempest strange within the skies
This queen did there behold :
Out of which storm she could not go,
But there remain'd a space,
Four horses could not stir the coach
A foot out of the place.

A judgment lately sent from heav'n,
For shedding guiltless blood,
Upon this sinful queen, that slew
The London lady good !

King Edward then, as wisdom will'd,
Accus'd her of that deed ;
But she deny'd ; and wish'd, that God
Would send his wrath with speed ;

If that upon so vile a thing
Her heart did ever think,
She wish'd the ground might open wide,
And she therein might sink !
With that at Charing-crofs she sunk
Into the ground alive ;
And after rose with life again,
In London, at Queenhithe.

When, after that, she languish'd fore
Full twenty days in pain,
At last confess'd the lady's blood
Her guilty hand had slain :
And likewise, how that by a fryer
She had a base-born child ;
Whose sinful lusts, and wickedness,
Her marriage-bed defil'd.

Thus have you heard the fall of pride ;
A just reward of sin ;
For, those that will forswear themselves,
God's vengeance daily win.

Beware

Beware of pride, ye courtly dames,
Both wives and maidens all;
Bear this imprinted on your mind,
That pride must have a fall.

XLIV.

A N H E R O I C B A L L A D.

On the memorable battle of Bannockburn, fought on
the 25th of June, 1314.

The chronological order in which this collection of ballads is formed, requires that the following performance should be inserted here, though written by a modern hand. It is printed from a magazine lately published in Scotland. The event upon which it is founded, so truly fatal to the English forces, is related in Hume's history of England, vol. 2, p. 351, 8vo. edit.

FROM the ocean emerged bright Phœbus's ray
Big with the importance of Bannockburn's day;
To deck out the pomp of the broad shining field,
Which now a glittering harvest of launces did yield.
Resolv'd on a conquest of Scotia's plains,
To annex them for ever to England's domains,
Bold Edward, with the hugest host e'er England did pro-
duce,
With haughty strides advanced to dethrone Robert Bruce.

From an army compos'd of an hundred thousand men,
Well serv'd in every article to fight upon the plain ;
Where the whole strength of England collected you might
see,

Who could not dream of any thing but certain victory.
So confident of success, a bard they brought along,
To celebrate the glory of their actions in a song ;
And in their retinue they brought some waggon loads of
chains,
To lead their Scottish captives in triumph o'er the
plains.

An Asiatic luxury their camp did overspread,
Up from the meanest centinel to Edward their head ;
Of discipline regardless, the despicable few,
They dreamt the very sight of their numbers would
subdue ;

Whilst English oaths from line to line did like to mildew
flee,

The little Scottish army was found upon their knee.
The aid of heav'n imploring for a distressed land,
Then starting to their feet, they grasp'd their weapons
in their hand.

Towards Stirling a march the lord Clifford did steal,
But the bold earl of Murray upon him did wheel ;
Their spears made such havock, tho' with foes encom-
pass'd round,

That many gallant Englishmen lay gasping on the
ground.

The

The sacred love of liberty did like a god inspire,
And made their haughty num'rous foes most prudently
retire ;

Precipitate inglorious flight was all they could attempt
While th' hardy Scots harrafs'd their rear almost to
Edward's camp.

King Robert gave his orders in front of the line,
Where in refulgent armour he royally did shine,
Which pointed him out to a bold English knight,
Who from the rest detach'd himself with Robert for
to fight ;

With ardour on the wings of hope, advancing with his
spear,

But Robert with his battle-axe met him in full career,
And thro' the temper'd shining helm did cleave his head
in two,

Till reeling to the earth with a thudd he did go.

Such two successful precludes did raise king Robert's
heart,

And fir'd each Scottish warrior his courage to exert ;
Then brazen trumpets flourishing with peals of death
did ring,

Each army join'd in loud huzzas, and cry'd, Long
live our king.

The hurricane of doubtful war began on ev'ry side,
And death in every awful form did o'er the field preside.

O muse! thy kind assistance lend to paint the warlike
scene,

Else description will be lost in so lofty a theme.

From twanging strings the deadly shafts did fly as thick
as hail,

The jav'lines, spears and faulchions, as fiercely did
prevail.

Each combatant on either side such valour did display,

As on his single arm had hung the success of the day.

Renowned chiefs in shining steel bestrow'd the gory plain,

Till room was hardly left to fight for mountains of the
slain;

The limpid stream of Bannockburn, which wont so
smooth to glide,

Was totally converted to a sanguinary tide.

As a rock in the ocean with fortitude braves

Th' impetuous assault of the proud swelling waves,

When with formidable efforts they beat the solid stone,

Which repels the angry surges in white lashing foam;

Thus the hardy Scots intrepidly their num'rous foes re-
pell'd,

On right and left with total rout their boasted courage
quell'd.

This Edward in the center saw, and grieved at the sight,

To find no other safety left but in a speedy flight.

On

On a hill a little distant unarmed swains beheld
The huge devastation and carnage of the field ;
Exulting they gave a shout which made the hills resound,
And the fluctuating enemy did totally confound.

A gen'ral pannic then prevail'd, inglorious flight ensu'd,
Lord Douglas with light armed horse most vigorously
pursu'd,

Till Edward reached to Dunbar, where joyously he saw
A scurvy fishing-boat, in which he meanly sneak'd
awa'.

Thus ended the dread campaign of Edward the great,
Thus vanish'd into smoke every formidable threat ;
While the riches of his camp did repay the victors toil,
Who gloriously expos'd their lives to guard the Scottish
foil,

The generous love of liberty, our country and our laws,
Thus fir'd our noble ancestors to fight in freedom's
cause ;

They boldly fought for liberty, for honour and applause,
And defy'd the power of England's king to alter their
laws.

G. WILSON.

XLV.

A song of queen Isabel, wife to king Edward II. with
the downfall of the Spencers.

PROUD were the Spencers, and of condition ill :
All England, and the king likewise,
They ruled at their will :
And many lords and nobles of the land,
Through their occasions lost their lives,
And none did them withstand :

And at the last they did increase much grief
Between the king and Isabel,
His queen and faithful wife :
So that her life she dreaded wondrous fore,
And cast within her secret thoughts
Some present help therefore.

Then she requests with count'nance grave and sage,
That she to Thomas Becket's tomb
Might go on pilgrimage.
Then being joyful to have the happy chance ;
Her son and she took ships with speed,
And sailed into France :

And

And royally she was received then
By the king and all the rest

Of peers and noblemen :
And unto him at last she did exprefs
The cause of her arrival there,
Her care and heaviness.

When as her brother her grief did understand,
He gave her leave to gather men

Throughout his famous land ;
And made a promise to aid her evermore,
As oft as she should stand in need
Of gold and silver store :

But when indeed she did require the same,
He was as far from doing it,

As when she thither came ;
And did proclaim, whilst matters were so,
That none on pain of death should go
To aid the English queen.

This alteration did greatly grieve the queen,
That down along her comely face

The bitter tears were seen,
When she perceiv'd her friends forsook her so,
She knew not for her safety,
Which way to turn or go :

But

But through good hap, at last she then decreed,
To seek in fruitful Germany

Some succour to this need:

And to Sir John Hainault then went she,
Who entertain'd this woful queen

With great solemnity.

And with great sorrow to him she then complain'd
Of all her griefs and injuries,

Which she of late sustain'd :

So that with weeping she dim'd her princely sight ;

The cause whereof did greatly grieve

That noble courteous knight ;

Who made an oath he would her champion be,

And in her quarrel spend his blood,

From wrong to set her free :

And all my friends with whom I may prevail,

Shall help for to advance your state,

Whose truth no time shall fail.

And in his promise most faithful he was found,

And many lords of great account

Were in his voyage bound.

So setting forward with a goodly train,

At length, through God's especial grace,

Into England they came:

At

At Harwich then, when they were ashore,
Of English lords and barons bold,

There came to her great store :
Which did rejoyce the queen's afflicted heart,
That English lords in such fort
Came for to take her part.

When as king Edward thereof did understand,
How that the queen with such a power

Was enter'd on his land ;
And how his nobles were gone to take her part ;
He fled from London presently,
Even with a heavy heart :

And with the Spencers unto Bristol did go,
To fortify that gallant town,

Great cost he did bestow ;
Leaving behind to govern London town
The stout bishop of Exeter,
Whose pride was soon pull'd down.

The mayor of London, with citizens great store,
The bishop and the Spencers both

In heart they did abhor ;
Therefore they took him without fear or dread,
And at the standard in Cheapside
They soon smote off his head.

Unto the queen this message then they sent,
The city of London was
At her commandement :
Wherefore the queen, with all her company,
Did strait to Bristol march amain,
Wherein the king did lie :

Then she besieg'd the city round about,
Threatning sharp and cruel death,
To those that were so stout ;
Wherefore the townsmen, their children, and their wives,
Did yield the city to the queen
For safe-guard of their lives :

Where was took, the story plain doth tell,
Sir Hugh Spencer, and with him
The earl of Arundel.
This judgment just the nobles did set down,
They should be drawn and hanged both,
In sight of Bristol town.

Then was king Edward in the castle there,
And Hugh Spencer still with him,
In dread and deadly fear ;
And being prepar'd from thence to sail away,
The winds were found contrary,
They were enforc'd to stay :

But at last Sir John Beaumont, knight,
Did bring his sailing ship to shore,

And so did stay their flight :
And so these men were taken speedily,
And brought as prisoners to the queen,
Which did in Bristol lie.

The queen, by counfel of the lords and barons bold,
To Barkley sent the king,

There to be kept in hold :
And young Hugh Spencer, that did much ill procure,
Was to the marshal of the host
Sent unto keeping sure.

And then the queen to Hereford took her way,
With all her warlike company,

Which late in Bristol lay :
And here behold how Spencer was
From town to town, even as the queen
To Hereford did pass ;

Upon a jade, which they by chance had found,
Young Spencer mounted was,

With legs and hands fast bound :
A writing-paper along as he did go,
Upon his head he had to wear,
Which did his treason show :

And

And to deride this traytor lewd and ill,
Certain men with reeden-pipes
Did blow before him still.
Thus was he led along in every place,
While many people did rejoice
To see his strange disgrace.

When unto Hereford our noble queen was come,
She did assemble all the lords
And knights, both all and some;
And in their presence young Spencer judgment had,
To be both hang'd and quartered,
His treasons were so bad.

Then was the king deposed of his crown;
From rule, and princely dignity,
The lords did cast him down:
And in his life, his son both wise and sage,
Was crowned king of fair England,
At fifteen years of age.

XLVI.

King Edward the Second being sent prisoner to Barkley-castle by queen Isabel his wife, was deposed by his nobles, and his son Edward made king in his stead, the queen causing letters to be written to make him away.

Reprinted from The Garland of Delight.

WHEN Isabella, fair England's queen
In woful wars victorious had been,
Our comely king, her husband dear,
Subdu'd by strength as did appear,
By her was sent to prison strong,
For having done his country wrong.
In Barkley castle cast was he,
Depriv'd of royal dignity:
Where he was kept in woful wise,
His queen did him so much despise.
There did he live in woful state,
Such is women's deadly hate,
When fickle fancy follows change,
And lustful thoughts begin to range.
Lord Mortimer was so in mind,
The sweet king's love was left behind;

And none was known a greater foe
Unto king Edward in his woe,
Then Isabel his crowned queen,
As by the sequel shall be seen.
While he in prison poorly lay
A parliament was held straightway;
What time apace his foes did bring
Bills of complaint against the king:
So that the nobles of the land,
When they the matter throughly scann'd,
Pronounced then these speeches plain,
He was not worthy for to reign:
Therefore they made a flat decree,
He should forthwith deposed be,
And his son Edward young of years
Was judged by his noble peers
Most meet to wear the princely crown,
His father being thus pull'd down.
Which word then when the queen did hear,
(Dissemblingly as did appear)
She wept, she wail'd, and rung her hands,
Before the lords whereas she stands;
Which when the prince her son did see,
He spake these words most courteously:
My sweet queen mother weep not so,
Think not your son will seek your woe,
Though English lords chuse me their king,
My own dear father yet living,
Think not therefore I will consent,
Except my father be content,

And with good will his crown resign
 And grant it freely to be mine :
 Therefore queen mother think no ill
 In me or them for their good will.
 Then divers lords without delay,
 Went to the king, where as he lay,
 Declaring how the matter stood,
 And how the peers did think it good
 To chuse his son their king to be,
 If that he would thereto agree,
 For to resign the princely crown,
 And all the titles of renown :
 If otherwise, they told him plain,
 A stranger should the same attain.
 These doleful tidings most unkind,
 Did sore afflict king Edward's mind :
 But when he saw no remedy,
 He did unto their wills agree ;
 And bitterly he did lament,
 Saying, the Lord that plague had sent
 For his offence and vanity,
 Which he would suffer patiently,
 Beseeching all the lords at last,
 For to forgive all that was past.
 When thus he was deposed quite
 Of that which was his lawful right,
 In prison was he kept full close
 Without all pity or remorse ;
 And those that shewed him favour still
 Were taken from him with ill will ;

Which when the earl of Kent did hear,
Who was in blood to him full near,
He did intreat most earnestly
For his release and liberty,
His words did much the queen displease,
Who said he lived too much at ease ;
Unto the bishop she did go,
Of Hereford, his deadly foe,
And cruel letters made him write
Unto his keepers with despite :
You are too kind to him (quoth she)
Henceforth more stricter look you be.
And in their writing subtilly
They sent them word that he should dye,
The lord Matrevers all dismaid,
Unto Sir Thomas Gurney said :
The queen is much displeas'd (quoth he)
For Edward's too much liberty,
And by her letters doth bewray
That soon he shall be made away.
'Tis best (Sir Thomas then reply'd)
The queen's will should not be deny'd,
Whereby we shall have her good will,
And keep ourselves in credit still.

XLVII.

On the lamentable and cruel murther of king Edward
the second, who being in prison had poison mingled
with his meat, and escaped that with other wicked
practises : and afterwards was lamentably murdered
in his bed with a hot burning spit.

Reprinted from The Garland of Delight.

THE king's curst keepers aiming at reward,
Hoping for favour of the furious queen,
On wretched Edward had they no regard,
Far from their hearts was mercy moved clean,
Wherefore they mingled poison with his meat,
Which made the man most fearful for to eat,

For by the taste, he oftentimes suspected
The venom couched in a dainty dish :
That his fair body was full sore infected,
So ill they spiced both his flesh and fish ;
But his strong nature all their craft beguiles,
The poison breaking forth in blains and biles,

An ugly scab ore-spreads his lilly skin,
Foul blotches break upon his manly face ;
Thus fore without and sorrowful within,
The despis'd man doth live in woful case,
Like to a lazar did he then abide,
That shews his fores along the high-way side,

But when this prov'd not to their mind,
And that they saw he liv'd in their despight,
Another damn'd device then did they find
By stinking favours for to choak him quite :
In an odd corner did they lock him fast,
Hard by the which the carrion they did cast,

The stench thereof might be compared nigh
To that foul lake where cursed Sodom stood,
That poison birds that over it did flye,
Even by the favours of that filthy mud :
Then so the stink of that corrupted den
Was able for to choak ten thousand men,

But all in vain, it would not do (God wot)
His good complexion still drove out the same,
Like to the boiling of a seething pot,
That casts the scum into the fiery flame :
Thus still he liv'd, and living thus they fought
His death, whose downfal was already wrought,

Loathing

Loathing his life, at length his keepers came
 Into his chamber in the dead of night,
 And without noise they entered soon the same,
 With weapons drawn and torches burning bright,
 Where the poor prisoner fast asleep in bed,
 Lay on his belly, nothing under 's his head.

The which advantage when the murderers saw
 A heavy table on him they did throw;
 Wherewith awak'd his breath he scarce could draw
 With weight whereof they kept him under so:
 Then turning up the clothes above his hips,
 To hold his legs a couple quickly skips.

Then came the murtherers, who a horn had got,
 Which far into his fundament they thrust,
 Another with a spit red burning hot,
 Quite through the horn then he strongly pusht.
 Among his intrails in most cruel wise,
 Forcing thereby most lamentable crys:

And while within his body they did keep
 The burning spit, still rouling up and down,
 Most mournfully the murthered man did weep,
 Whose doleful noise wak'd many in the town;
 Who gueffing by his cries his death drew near,
 Took great compassion on this noble peer.

And at each bitter shriek which he did make,
They pray'd to God for to receive his soul,
His ghastly groans inforc'd their hearts to ake,
Yet none durst go to cause the bell to toul.
Ah me! wo man! alack, alack, he cry'd,
And long it was before the time he dy'd:

Strong was his heart, and long it was God knows,
Ere he could stoop unto the stroke of death,
First was it wounded with a thousand woes,
Before he did resign his vital breath.
And being murthered thus as you did hear,
No outward hurt upon him did appear.

This cruel murther being brought to pass,
The lord Matrevers to the court did hie,
To shew the queen her will performed was,
Great recompence he thought to get thereby,
But when the queen the sequel understands,
Dissemblingly she weeps and wrings her hands.

Accursed traytor! hast thou slain (quoth she)
My noble wedded lord in such a sort?
Shame and confusion ever light on thee;
Oh how I grieve to hear this vile report!
Peace cursed villain, from my sight, she said,
That hast of me a woful widow made.

Then

Then all abash'd, Matrevers goes his way,
 The saddest man that ever life did bear;
 And to Sir Thomas Gurney did bewray
 What bitter speech the queen did give him there.
 Then did the queen outlaw them both together,
 And banisht them fair England's bounds for ever.

Thus the dissembling queen did seek to hide
 The heinous act by her own means effected:
 The knowledge of the deed she still deny'd,
 That she of murther might not be suspected;
 But yet for all the subtlety she wrought,
 The truth unto the world was after brought.

XLVIII.

The doleful lamentation of the lord Matrevers and sir
 Tho. Gurney, being banished the realm; and after
 three years banishment sir Tho. Gurney coming to-
 wards England to his lady and children, was beheaded
 on the sea.

Reprinted from The Garland of Delight.

ALAS that ever this day we did see,
 That false smiling fortune so fickle should be,
 Our miseries are many, our woes without end
 To purchase us favour we both did offend.

Our

Our deeds have deserved both sorrow and shame,

But wo worth the persons procured the same.

Alack and alack with grief we may cry,

That ever we forced king Edward to dye.

The bishop of Hereford ill may he fare,

He wrote us a letter full cunning and rare,

To kill princely Edward fear not, it is good,

Thus much by the letter we then understood :

But curst be the time we took it in hand,

To follow such counfel and wicked command,

Alack and alack with grief we may cry,

That ever we forced king Edward to dye.

Forgive us sweet Saviour that damnable deed,

Which causeth with sorrow our hearts for to bleed,

And taking compassion upon our distrefs,

Put far from thy presence our great wickedness :

With tears all bedewed for mercy we cry,

And do not thy penitent mercy deny.

Alack and alack, with grief we may say,

That ever we made king Edward away ;

For this we have lost our goods and our land,

Our castles and towers so stately do stand,

Our ladies and babies are turn'd out of door,

Like comfortless captives both naked and poor :

Both

Both friendless and fatherless do they complain,
For gone are their comforts that should them maintain,
Alack and alack, and alas may we cry,
That ever we forced king Edward to dye,

And while we go wringing our hands up and down,
In seeking for succour from town unto town,
All wrapped in wretchedness do we remain,
Tormented, perplexed with dolour and pain :

Despised, disdained, and banished quite
The coast of our country so sweet in our sight,
Alack and alack, and alas may we cry,
That ever we forced king Edward to dye.

Then farewell fair England, wherein we were born,
Our friends and our kindred do hold us in scorn ;
Our honours and dignities quite have we lost,
Both profit and pleasure our fortune hath crost.

Our parks and our chases, our mansions so fair,
Our gems and our jewels most precious and rare.
Alack and alack, and alas we may cry,
That ever we forced king Edward to dye.

Then farewell dear ladies, and most loving wives,
Might our miseries end with loss of our lives ;
Then our silly children that beg at your hand,
In grief and calamities long should not stand ;

For

For yet in their country despised should be,
That lately were honoured of every degree.
Alack and alack, with grief may we cry,
That ever we forced king Edward to dye.

In countrys unknown we range to and fro,
Cloying mens ears with reports of our woe ;
Our food wild berries, green banks are our beds,
The trees serve for houses to cover our heads :

Brown bread to our taste is most dainty and sweet,
Our drink is cold water took up at our feet.
Alack and alack, with grief we may cry,
That ever we forced king Edward to dye.

Thus having long wandred in hunger and cold,
Despising life's safety most desperate bold,
Sir Thomas Gurney towards England doth go,
For love of his lady distressed with woe.

Saying, how happy and blessed were I,
To see my sweet children and wife e're I dye.
Alack and alack, with grief may we cry,
That ever we made king Edward to dye.

But three years after this woful exile,
Behold how false fortune his thoughts did beguile,
Coming towards England was took by the way :
And lest he should the chief murtherers betray,

Commandment was sent by one called Lea,
He should be beheaded forthwith on the sea.
Alack and alack, and alas may we cry,
That ever we forced king Edward to dye.

Thus was fir Thomas dispatched of life,
In coming to visit his sorrowful wife ;
Who was cut off from his wished desire,
Which he in his heart so much did require,

And never again his lady did he see,
Nor his poor children in their misery.
Alack and alack, and alafs may we cry,
That ever we forced king Edward to dye.

The lord Matrevers (the story doth tell)
In Germany after long time did he dwell,
In secret manner for fear to be seen
By any person that favoured the queen :

And there at last in great misery,
He ended his life most penitently.
Alack and alack, and alas did he cry,
That ever he forced king Edward to dye.

XLIX.

Of king Edward the third and the fair countess of Salisbury, setting forth her constancy and endless glory.

In Mr. Capell's prolusions, or select pieces of ancient poetry, is printed a dramatic performance, the subject of which is, the amour between king Edward and the countess of Salisbury. This play he supposed to have been the production of Shakespeare. The circumstances in the ballad and the play are alike, but whether either was taken from the other we are unable to determine.

WHEN as Edward the third did live,
That valiant king,
David of Scotland to rebel
Did then begin :
The town of Berwick suddenly
From us he won,
And burnt Newcastle to the ground ;
Thus strife began :
To Roxbury castle march'd he then,
And by the force of warlike men,
Besieg'd therein a gallant fair lady,
While that her husband was in France,
His country's honour to advance,
The noble and famous earl of Salisbury.

Brave

Brave fir William Montague
 Rode then in haste ;
 Who declared unto the king,
 The Scottish men's boast :
 Who like a lion in his rage,
 Did straitway prepare
 For to deliver that fair lady
 From woful care :
 But when the Scottish men did hear say,
 Edward our king was come that day,
 They rais'd their siege, and ran away with fear.
 So when that he did thither come,
 With warlike trumpet, fife and drum,
 None but a gallant lady met he there.

Whom when he did with greedy eyes
 Behold and see,
 Her peerless beauty did enthrall
 His majesty :
 And ever the longer that he look'd,
 The more he might ;
 For in her only beauty was
 His heart's delight.
 And humbly then upon her knee
 She thank'd his royal majesty,
 That he had driven danger from her gate.
 Lady, quoth he, stand up in peace,
 Altho' my war doth now increase.
 Lord keep (quoth she) all hurt from your state.

Now

Now is the king full fad in foul,
And wots not why ;
And for the love of the fair countess
Of Salisbury.
She little knowing his cause of grief,
Did come to see
Wherefore his highness fate alone
So heavily :
I have been wrong'd, fair dame, quoth he,
Since I came hither unto thee.
No, God forbid, my sovereign, said she ;
If I were worthy for to know
The cause and ground of this your woe,
You should be help'd, if it did lie in me.

Swear to perform thy word to me,
Thou lady gay ;
To thee the sorrows of my heart
I will betray.
I swear by all the saints in heaven,
I will, quoth she ;
And let my lord have no mistrust
At all in me.
Then take thyself aside, he said ;
For why, thy beauty hath betray'd ;
Wounded a king with thy bright shining eye :
If thou do then some mercy show,
Thou shalt expel a princely woe ;
So shall I live ; or else in sorrow die.

You have your wish, my sovereign lord,

Effectually ;

Take all the leave that I can give

Your majesty.

But on thy beauty all my joys

Have their abode.

Take thou my beauty from my face,

My gracious lord.

Did'st thou not swear to grant my will ?

That I may, I will fulfil.

All then for my love, let my true love be seen,

My lord, your speech I might reprove ;

You cannot give to me your love,

For that belongs unto your queen.

But I suppose your grace did this

Only to try,

Whether a wanton tale might tempt

Dame Salisbury.

Not from yourself therefore, my liege,

My steps do stray ;

But from your wanton tempting tale

I go my way.

O turn again, my lady bright !

Come unto me, my heart's delight !

Gone is the comfort of my pensive heart ;

Here comes the earl of Warwick, he

The father of this fair lady ;

My mind to him I mean for to impart.

Why is my lord and fovereign king
So griev'd in mind?

Because that I have lost the thing
I cannot find.

What thing is that, my gracious lord,
Which you have lost?

It is my heart, which is near dead
Betwixt fire and frost.

Curs'd be that fire and frost too,
That caused this your highness woe.

O Warwick! thou dost wrong me very fore;
It is thy daughter, noble earl,
That heaven-bright lamp! that peerless pearl!
Which kills my heart; yet do I her adore.

If that be all (my gracious king)
That works your grief;
I will persuade the scornful dame
To yield relief:
Never shall she my daughter be,
If she refuse.

The love and favour of a king,
May her excuse.

Thus wise Warwick went away,
And quite contrary he did say,

When as he did the beauteous countess meet;
Well met, my daughter, (then quoth he)
A message I must do to thee;
Our royal king most kindly doth thee greet.

The king will die, 'less thou to him
 Do grant thy love.
 To love the king, my husband's love
 I must remove.
 It is right charity to love,
 My daughter dear;
 But no true love charitable
 For to appear.
 His greatness may bear out the shame,
 But his kingdom cannot buy out the blame:
 He craves thy love, that may bereave thy life.
 It is my duty to move this,
 But not thy honesty to yield, I wis.
 I mean to die a true unspotted wife.

Now hast thou spoken, my daughter dear,
 As I would have :
 Chastity bears a golden name
 Unto the grave :
 And when to thy wedded lord
 Thou provest untrue :
 Then let my bitter curses still
 Thy foul pursue :
 Then with a smiling chear go thou,
 As right and reason doth allow :
 Yet shew the king thou bear'st no strumpet's mind.
 I go, dear father, in a trice ;
 And by a flight of fine device,
 I'll cause the king to confess I'm not unkind.

Here comes the lady of my life,
The king did say.
My father bids me, sovereign lord,
Your will obey ;
And I consent, if you will grant
One boon to me ?
I grant it thee, my lady fair,
Whate're it be.
My husband is alive, you know,
First let me kill him e're I go ;
And at your command I will ever be.
Thy husband now in France doth rest.
No, no, he lies within my breast ;
And being so nigh, he will my falshood see.

With that she started from the king,
And took her knife,
And desperately she thought to rid
Herself of life.
The king he started from his chair,
Her hand to stay.
O noble king, you have broke your word
With me this day.
Thou shalt not do this deed, quoth he.
Then never will I lie with thee.
No ; then live still, and let me bear the blame :
Live in honour and high estate,
With thy true lord, and wedded mate ;
I never will attempt this suit again.

L.

The Winning of the Isle of Man, by the noble earl of
Salisbury.

Reprinted from The Garland of Delight.

TH E noble earl of Salisbury,
With many a hardy knight,
Most valiantly prepar'd himself
Against the Scots to fight.

With his spear and his shield
Making his proud foes to yield,

Fiercely on them all he ran,
To drive them from the Isle of Man,

Drums striking on a row,
Trumpets founding as they go,
Tan ta ra ra ra tan.

Their filken ensigns in the field
Most gloriously were spread,
The horse-men on their prancing steeds,
Struck many Scotchmen dead;
The brown bill on their corslets ring,
The bow-men with their gray goose-wing,

The lusty lances, the piercing spear,
The soft flesh of their foes do tear:
Drums beating on a row,
Trumpets sounding as they go,
Tan ta ra ra ra tan.

The battle was so fierce and hot,
The Scots for fear did flie,
And many a famous knight and squire
In gory blood did lie,
Some thinking for to 'scape away
Did drown themselves within the sea;
Some with many a bloody wound,
Lay gasping on the clayey ground:
Drums beating on a row,
Trumpets sounding as they go,
Tan ta ra ra ra tan.

Thus after many a brave exploit,
That day perform'd and done,
The noble earl of Salisbury
The Isle of Man had won:
Returning then most gallantly
With honour, fame, and victory:
Like a conqueror of fame,
To Court this warlike champion came:
Drums beating in a row,
Trumpets sounding as they go,
Tan ta ra ra ra tan,

Our king rejoycing at this act,
 Incontinent decreed,
 To give the earl this pleasant isle,
 For his most valiant deed.
 And forthwith did cause him then
 For to be crowned king of man,
 Earl of Salisbury,
 King of Man by dignity:
 Drums beating on a row,
 Trumpets sounding as they go,
 Tan ta ra ra ra tan.

This was the first king of Man,
 That ever bore that name,
 Knight of the princely garter blew,
 And order of great fame,
 Which brave king Edward did devise,
 And with his person royalize:
 Knights of the Garter are they call'd,
 And eke at Windsor so install'd,
 Which princely royalty,
 Great fame, and dignity,
 This knighthood still is held.

LI.

The rebellion of Wat Tyler, Jack Straw and others
 against king Richard the second; how Sir William
 Walworth, lord mayor of London, stabbed Wat
 Tyler in Smithfield, for which the king knighted Sir
 William, with five aldermen more, causing a dagger
 to be added in the shield of the city arms.

Reprinted from The Garland of Delight.

WA T Tyler is from Dartford gone,
 And with him many proper men,
 And he a captain is become,
 Marching in field with fife and drum :

Jack Straw another in like case,
 From Essex flocks a mighty pace :
 Hob Carter with his stragling train,
 Jack Shepherd comes with him amain ;

So doth Tom Miller in like fort,
 As if he meant to take some fort :
 With bows and bills, with spear and shield,
 On Black-heath have they picht their field.

An

An hundred thousand men in all,
Whose force is not accounted small :
And for king Richard did they fend,
Much evil to him they did intend,

For the war which our noble king
Upon the commons then did bring :
And now because his royal grace
Denied to come, with their chafe

They spoiled Southwark round about,
And took the marshal's prisoners out :
All those that in the king's-bench lay,
At liberty they set that day,

And then they marcht with one consent
Through London with a rude intent ;
And to fulfil their leud desire,
They set the Savoy all on fire :

And for the hate that they did bear
Unto the duke of Lancashire,
Therefore his house they burned quite,
Through envy, malice, and despite.

Then to the Temple did they turn,
The lawyers books eke did they burn,
And spoil'd their lodgings one by one,
And all they laid their hands upon.

Then

Then unto Smithfield did they hie,
To St. John's place that stands thereby,
And set the same on fire flat,
Which burned seven days after that.

Unto the Tower of London then,
Fast trooped these rebellious men,
And having entred soon the same,
With divers cries and mickle shame ;

The grave lord chancellor then they took,
Amaz'd with fearful pitious look.
The lord high treasurer likewise they
Took from that place that present day ;

And with their hooting loud and shrill,
Cut off their heads on Tower hill.
Into the city came they then,
Like leud disordered frantick men.

They rob'd the churches every where,
And put the priests in deadly fear.
Into the counters then they get,
Where men in prison lay for debt ;

They broke the doors, and let them out,
And threw the counter-books about,
Tearing and spoiling them each one,
And records all they light upon.

The

The doors of Newgate broke they down,
That prisoners ran about the town,
Forcing all the smiths they meet
To knock the irons from their feet:

And then like villains void of awe,
Followed Wat Tyler and Jack Straw.
Although this outrage was not small,
The king gave pardon to them all,

So they would part home quietly :
But they his pardon did defie.
And being all in Smithfield then,
Even threescore thousand fighting men,

Which there Wat Tyler then did bring
Of purpose for to meet the king.
And therewithal his royal grace,
Sent Sir John Newton to that place,

Unto Wat Tyler willing him
To come and speak with our royal king.
But the proud rebel in despite,
Did pick a quarrel with the knight.

The mayor of London * being by,
When he beheld this villany,

* Sir Wm. Walworth, Citizen and Fishmonger.

Unto Wat Tyler he rode then,
Being in th' midst of all his men :

Saying, traytor yield 'tis best,
In the king's name I thee arrest,
And therewith to his dagger start,
He thrust the rebel to the heart,

Who falling dead upon the ground,
The fame did all the host confound :
So down they threw their weapons all,
And humbly they for mercy call :
Thus did the proud rebellion cease,
And after followed joyful peace.

LII.

The Banishment of the dukes of Hereford and Norfolk,
in the time of king Richard the second.

TWO noble dukes of great renown,
That long had liv'd in fame,
Thro' hateful envy were cast down,
And brought to sudden shame.

The

The duke of Hereford was one,
A prudent prince, and wise ;
'Gainst whom such malice oft was shown,
Which soon in fight did rise.

The duke of Norfolk, most untrue,
Declar'd unto the king,
The duke of Hereford greatly grew
In hatred of each thing,

Which by his grace was acted still
Against both high and low ;
And how he had a trait'rous will,
His state to overthrow.

The duke of Hereford then, in haste,
Was sent for to the king ;
And, by the lords in order plac'd,
Examin'd of each thing :

Who being guiltless of this crime,
Which was against him laid :
The duke of Norfolk, at that time,
These words unto him said :

How can'st thou, with a shameless face,
Deny a truth so stout ;
And here, before his royal grace,
So falsely face it out ?

Did

Did not these wicked treasons pass,
When we together were ;
How that the king unworthy was
The royal crown to bear ?

Wherefore, my gracious lord, quoth he,
And you his noble peers,
To whom I wish long life to be,
With many happy years :

I do pronounce before you all,
This treach'rous lord that's here,
A traytor to our noble king ;
As time shall shew it clear.

The duke of Hereford hearing that,
In mind was grieved much ;
And did return this answer flat,
Which did duke Norfolk touch :

The term of traytor, truthless duke,
With scorn and great disdain,
With flat defiance to thy face,
I do return again :

And therefore, if it please your grace
To grant me leave (quoth he)
To combat with my deadly foe,
That here accuseth me :

I do

I do not doubt but plainly prove,
That, like a perjur'd knight,
He hath most falsly fought my shame,
Against all truth and right.

The king did grant this just request,
And did therewith agree,
At Coventry, in August next,
This combat fought should be.

The dukes on sturdy steeds full stout,
In coats of steel most bright,
With spears in rests, did enter lists,
This combat fierce to fight.

The king then cast his warden down,
Commanding them to stay;
And with his lords he counsel took,
To stint that mortal fray.

At length unto these noble dukes
The king of heralds came,
And unto them with lofty speech,
This sentence did proclaim :

Sir Henry Bolingbroke, this day,
The duke of Hereford here,
And Thomas Moubay, Norfolk duke,
Valiantly did appear ;

And

And having, in honourable fort,
Repaired to this place;
Our noble king, for special cause,
Hath alter'd thus the case:

First, Henry duke of Hereford,
E'r fifteen days be past,
Shall part the realm on pain of death,
While ten years space doth last.

And Thomas duke of Norfolk, now,
That hath begun this strife,
And thereof no good proof can bring;
I say, for term of life,

By judgment of our sovereign lord,
Which now in place doth stand,
For evermore I banish thee
Out of thy native land.

Charging thee, on pain of death,
When fifteen days are past,
Thou never tread on English ground,
So long as life doth last.

Thus they were sworn before the king,
E're they did farther pass,
The one should never come in place
Where as the other was.

Then

Then both the dukes, with heavy hearts,
Were parted presently,
Their uncouth streams of froward chance
In foreign lands to try.

The duke of Norfolk coming then
Where he could shipping take,
The bitter tears fell down his cheeks,
And thus his moan did make :

Now let me sigh and sob my fill,
E're I from hence depart,
That inward pangs with speed may burst
My fore afflicted heart.

Oh cursed man ! whose loathed life
Is held so much in scorn ;
Whose company is clean despis'd,
And left as one forlorn !

Now take thy leave, and last adieu,
Of this thy country dear ;
Which never more thou must behold,
Nor yet approach it near.

Now happy should I count myself,
If death my heart had torn ;
That I might have my bones entomb'd,
Where I was bred and born :

Or that by Neptune's wrathful rage,
I might be forc'd to dye ;
Whilst that sweet England's pleasant banks
Did stand before mine eye :

How sweet a scent hath English ground
Within my senses now ?
How fair unto my outward sight
Seems ev'ry branch and bough ?

The fields and flow'rs, the streets and stones,
Seem such unto my mind,
That in all other countries, sure,
The like I ne're shall find.

O that the sun, with shining face,
Would stay his steeds by strength ;
That this same day might stretched be
To twenty years in length !

And that the true-performing tide
Her hasty course would stay ;
That Æolus would never yield
To bear me hence away,

That by the fountain of my eyes
The fields might water'd be ;
That I might grave my grievous plaint
Upon each springing tree.

But

But time, I see, with eagle's wings
So swift doth fly away ;
And dusky clouds begin to dim
The brightness of the day :

The fatal hour draweth on,
The winds and tides agree ;
And now, sweet England, over soon
I must depart from thee.

The mariners have hoisted sail,
And call to catch me in ;
And now, in woful heart, I feel
My torments to begin.

Wherefore, farewell for evermore,
Sweet England, unto thee ;
And farewell all my friends, which I
Again shall never see.

O England, here I kiss the ground
Upon my bended knee !
Whereby to shew to all the world
How dearly I love thee.

This being said, away he went
As fortune did him guide ;
And at the length, thro' grief of heart,
In Venice there he dy'd.

The noble duke, in doleful fort,
 Did lead his life in France ;
 And, at the last, the mighty lord
 Did him full high advance.

The lords of England afterwards
 Did send for him again,
 While that king Richard at the wars
 In Ireland did remain ;

Who, by the vile and great abuse
 Which thro' his deeds did spring,
 Deposed was ; and then the duke
 Was truly crowned king.

LIII.

Sir Richard Whittington's advancement : being an historical account of his education, unexpected fortune, charity, &c.

There is something so fabulous, or at least, that has such a romantic appearance in the history of Whittington, that we shall not relate it ; but refer our readers to common tradition, or to the histories which are without any difficulty to be met with. Certain it is, that there was such a man ; a citizen of London, by trade a mercer ; and one who has left public edifices, and charitable works enough behind him, to transmit his name to posterity. Amongst others, he founded

a house of prayer; with an allowance for a master, fellows, choristers, clerks, &c. and an alms-house for thirteen poor men, called Whittington college. He entirely rebuilt the loathsome prison, which then was standing at the west gate of the city, and call'd it Newgate. He built the better half of St. Bartholomew's hospital, in West-Smithfield; and the fine library in Grey-Fryars, now called Christ's Hospital: as also a great part of the east end of Guildhall, with a chapel and a library; in which the records of the city might be kept. He was chosen sheriff in the seventeenth year of the reign of king Richard the second, and of the Christian æra 1393; William Stondon, by trade a grocer, being then mayor of London. After which he was knighted; and in the one and twentieth year of the same reign, he was chosen mayor. Which honour was again conferr'd on him in the eighth year of king Henry the fourth, and the seventh of king Henry the fifth. 'Tis said of him, that he advanc'd a very considerable sum of money towards carrying on the war in France, under the last monarch. He marry'd Alice, the daughter of Hugh and Molde Fitzwarren: at whose house, traditions say, Whittington lived a servant, when he got his immense riches by venturing his cat in one of his master's ships. However, if we may give credit to his own will, he was a knight's son; and more obliged to an English king, and prince, than to any African monarch, for his riches. For when he founded Whittington college, and left a maintenance for so many people, as above related, they were, as Stow records it, (for this maintenance) bound to pray for the good estate of Richard Whittington, and Alice his wife, their founders; and for Sir William Whittington, and dame Joan his wife; and for Hugh Fitzwarren, and dame Molde his wife, the fathers and mothers of the said Richard Whittington and Alice his wife: For king Richard the second, and Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester, special lords and promoters of the said Richard Whittington, &c.

HERE must I tell the praise
Of worthy Whittington,
Known to be in his days
Thrice lord-mayor of London.

But of poor parentage
Born was he, as we hear,
And in his tender age
Bred up in Lancashire,

Poorly to London then
Came up this simple lad ;
Where, with a merchant-man,
Soon he a dwelling had ;

And in a kitchen plac'd,
A scullion for to be ;
Where a long time he pass'd
In labour drudgingly.

His daily service was
Turning at the fire ;
And to scour pots of brass,
For a poor scullion's hire :

Meat and drink all his pay,
Of coin he had no store ;
Therefore to run away,
In secret thought he bore.

So

So from the merchant-man,
Whittington secretly
Towards his country ran,
To purchase liberty.

But as he went along,
In a fair summer's morn,
London's bells sweetly rung
Whittington's back return;

Evermore founding so,
Turn again, Whittington;
For thou, in time, shalt grow
Lord-mayor of London.

Whereupon, back again
Whittington came with speed,
A servant to remain,
As the Lord had decreed.

Still blessed be the bells,
This was his daily song;
This my good fortune tells,
Most sweetly have they rung.

If God so favour me,
I will not prove unkind;
London my love shall see,
And my large bounties find.

But, see his happy chance!

This scullion had a cat,
Which did his state advance,
And by it wealth he gat.

His master ventur'd forth,
To a land far unknown,
With merchandize of worth,
As is in stories shown;

Whittington had no more
But this poor cat as then,
Which to the ship he bore,
Like a brave valiant man.

Vent'ring the fame, quoth he,
I may get store of gold,
And mayor of London be,
As the bells have me told.

Whittington's merchandise,
Carried to a land
Troubled with rats and mice,
As they did understand;

The king of the country there,
As he at dinner sat,
Daily remain'd in fear
Of many mouse and rat.

Meat that on trenchers lay,
No way they could keep safe;
But by rats bore away,
Fearing no wand or staff;

Whereupon, soon they brought
Whittington's nimble cat;
Which by the king was bought,
Heaps of gold giv'n for that.

Home again came these men,
With their ship laden so,
Whittington's wealth began
By this cat thus to grow;

Scullion's life he forfook,
To be a merchant good,
And soon began to look
How well his credit stood.

After that, he was chose
Sheriff of the city here,
And then full quickly rose
Higher as did appear:

For, to the city's praise,
Sir Richard Whittington
Came to be in his days
Thrice mayor of London.

More

More his fame to advance,
Thoufands he lent the king,
To maintain war in France,
Glory from thence to bring.

And after, at a feast
Which he the king did make,
He burnt the bonds all in jest,
And would no money take.

Ten thousand pounds he gave
To his prince willingly ;
And would no penny have
For this kind courtesy.

As god thus made him great,
So he would daily see
Poor people fed with meat,
To shew his charity :

Prisoners poor cherish'd were,
Widows sweet comfort found :
Good deeds, both far and near,
Of him do still resound.

Whittington's college is
One of his charities ;
Record reporteth this,
To lasting memories.

Newgate he builded fair,
For prifoners to lye in ;
Chrift-Church he did repair,
Chriftian love for to win.

Many more fuch like deeds
Were done by Whittington ;
Which joy and comfort breeds,
To fuch as look thereon.

LIV.

A Song of the depofing of king Richard II. and how
after many miferies he was murder'd in Pomfret
caftle.

WHEN Richard the Second in England was king,
And reigned with honour and ftate,
Six uncles he had, his grandfather's fons,
King Edward that ruled of late :
All counfellors noble and fage ;
Yet would he not hear
Their precepts dear,
So wilful he was in this his young age.

A fort

A sort of brave gallants he kept in his court,
That train'd him to wanton delights,
Which parasites pleased him better in mind,
Than all his best nobles and knights :
Ambition and avarice grew
So great in this land,
That still from his hand,
A mass of rich treasure his parasites drew.

His peers and his barons dishonoured were ;
And upstarts thus mounted on high :
His commons fore tax'd, his cities oppress'd,
Good subjects were nothing set by ;
And what to his coffers did come,
He wantonly spent,
To please with content
His flattering upstarts, still sporting at home.

When thus unto ruin this kingdom began
To fall from the highest estate,
The nobles of England their prince's amiss,
By parliament soon did rebate :
And likewise those flatterers all,
They banish'd the court,
That made but a sport
To see this so famous a kingdom to fall.

But

But after these gallants dsgraded were thus,
King Richard himself was put down,
And Bullinbrook, Lancaster's noble born duke,
By policy purchas'd his crown.
Thus civil wars here begun,
That could have no end,
By foe nor by friend,
Till seven kings reigns with their lives were out-run.

But Richard, the breeder of all these same broils,
In prison was wofully cast,
Where long he complained in sorrowful fort,
Of kingly authority past :
No lords nor no subjects had he,
No glory no state.
That early and late
Upon him attending had wont for to be.

His robes were converted to garments so old,
That beggars would hardly them wear,
His diet no comfort at all to him brought,
For he fed upon sorrow and care.
And from prison to prison was sent,
Each day and each night,
To work him despight,
That wearied with sorrows, he still might lament.

Poor

Poor king thus abused, he was at the last
To Pomfret in Yorkshire convey'd,
And there in a dungeon full low in the ground,
Unpitied he nightly was laid:
Not one for his misery grieved,
That late was in place
Of royallest grace,
Where still the distressed he kindly relieved.

King Henry usurping then all his estate,
Could never in heart be content,
Till some of his friends in secrecy fought
To kill him by cruel consent;
Who soon to Pomfret hied,
Whereas the fear,
That touch'd him so near,
They finished as soon as king Richard there died.

There dy'd this good king, for murther'd he was,
That might well have lived full long,
Had not ill council betray'd his best good,
And done his high fortunes this wrong:
But blood for blood still calls,
No bloody-stain'd hand,
Can long in this land
Stand surely, but soon into misery falls.

Lancaster thus the diadem gain'd,
And won his title by blood,
Which afterwards by heaven's high power,
Not three generations stood,
But yielded to York again :
Thus fortune shows
Their proud overthrows,
That cunningly climb an imperial reign.

LV.

The battel of Agincourt, between the French and
English.

A Council grave our king did hold,
With many a lord and knight ;
That they might truly understand,
That France did hold his right.

Unto the king of France therefore
Ambassadors were sent,
That he might fully understand
His mind and his intent :

Desiring him in friendly wise,
His lawful right to yield ;
Or else he vow'd, by dint of sword
To win the fame in field.

The king of France with all his lords,
Which heard his message plain,
Unto our brave ambassadors
Did answer in disdain :

And feign'd our king was yet too young,
And of too tender age ;
Therefore we weigh not of his war,
Nor fear we his courage.

His knowledge is in feats of arms
As yet but very small :
His tender joints much fitter were
To tofs a tennis ball.

A tun of tennis balls therefore,
In pride and great disdain,
He sent unto our noble king,
To recompence his pain.

Which answer when our king did hear,
He waxed wroth in heart ;
And said, he would such balls provide,
Should make all France to smart.

An army then our king did raise,
Which was both good and strong;
And from Southampton is our king
With all his navy gone.

In France he landed safe and sound,
With all his warlike train;
And to the town of Harfleur strait
He marched up a-main,

But when he had besieg'd the same,
Against their fenced walls,
To batter down their stately towers,
He sent his English balls.

This done, our noble English king
March'd up and down the land;
And not a Frenchman for his life
Durst once his force withstand.

Until he came to Agincourt;
Where as it was his chance
To find the king in readiness
With all his power of France.

A mighty host he had prepar'd
Of armed soldiers then;
Which were no less by just account,
Than forty thousand men.

Which fight did much amaze our king ;
For he and all his host
Not passing fifteen thousand had,
Accounted at the most.

The king of France which well did know
The number of our men,
In vaunting pride unto our prince
Did send a herald then ;

To understand what he would give
For ransom of his life.
When he in field should taken be
Amidst their bloody strife.

And then our king with chearful heart
This answer soon did make ;
And said, Before this comes to pass,
Some of their hearts shall quake.

And to their proud presumptuous prince
Declare this thing, quoth he,
Mine own heart's blood shall pay the price ;
None else he gets of me.

With that bespoke the duke of York ;
O noble king, quoth he,
The leading of this battel brave
Vouchsafe to give to me.

God a mercy, cousin York, quoth he,
I grant thee thy request;
Then march thou on couragiously,
And I will lead the rest.

Then came the bragging Frenchmen down
With greater force and might;
With whom our noble king began
A hard and cruel fight.

The archers they discharg'd their shafts,
As thick as hail from sky;
That many a Frenchman in the field
That happy day did die.

Ten thousand men that day were slain
Of enemies in the field;
And as many prisoners
That day were forc'd to yield.

Thus had our king a happy day,
And victory over France;
And brought them quickly under foot,
That late in pride did prance.

The Lord preserve our noble king,
And grant to him likewise
The upper hand and victory
Of all his enemies.

LVI.

A song of the wooing of queen Catherine, widow of Henry V, by Owen Tudor, a young gentleman of Wales, translated out of the Welsh.

Owen Tudor.

I Salute thee, sweet princess, with title of grace,
For Cupid commands me in heart to embrace
Thy honours, thy virtues, thy favour, and beauty,
With all my true service, my love and my duty.

Queen Catherine.

Courteous kind gentleman, let me request,
How comes it that Cupid hath wounded thy breast,
And chain'd thy heart's liking my servant to prove,
That am but a stranger in this thy kind love?

Tudor.

If but a stranger, yet love hath such power,
To lead me here kindly into the queen's bower;
Then do not, sweet princess, my good-will forsake,
When nature commands thee a true love to take.

Queen.

So royal of calling and birth am I known,
That matching unequal my state's overthrown:
My titles of dignity thereby I lose,
To wed me and bed me my equal I'll chuse.

Tudor.

Tudor.

No honours are lost (queen) in chusing of me,
For I am a gentleman born by degree,
And favours of princes my state may advance,
In making me noble and fortunate chance.

Queen.

My robes of rich honours most brave to behold,
Are all o'er imbossed with silver and gold,
Not therewith adorn'd, I lose my renown,
With all the brave titles that wait on a crown.

Tudor.

My country, sweet princess, more pleasure affords,
Than can be expressed by me here in words;
Such kindly contentment by nature there springs,
That hath been well liked of queens and of kings.

Queen.

My courtly attendants are trains of delight,
Like stars of fair heaven all shining most bright;
And those that live daily such pleasures to see,
Suppose no such comfort in country can be.

Tudor.

In Wales we have fountains, no crystals more clear,
Where murmuring musick we daily may hear,
With gardens of pleasure, and flowers so sweet,
Where true love with true love may merrily meet.

Queen.

But there is no tilting nor tournaments bold,
Which gallant young ladies desire to behold,
No masks, nor no revels, where favours are worn,
By knights or by barons without any scorn.

Tudor.

Our maypole at Whitsontide maketh good sport,
And moves as sweet pleasures as yours do in court,
Where on the green dancing for garland and ring,
Maidens make pastime and sports for a king.

Queen.

But when your brave young men and maidens do meet,
Whilst silver-like melody murmuring keeps,
Your musick is clownish, and soundeth not sweet,
And locks up your senses in heavenly sleeps.

Tudor.

Our harps and our tabors, and sweet humming drones,
For thee, my sweet princess, make musical moans:
Our Morris maid-marrians desire to see
A true-love knot tied between thee and me.

Queen.

No pleasure in country by me can be seen,
That have been maintain'd so long here a queen,
And fed on the blessings that daily were given
Into my brave palace, by angels from heaven.

Tudor.

Tudor.

Our green-leav'd trees will dance with the wind,
Where birds sit rejoicing according to kind:
Our sheep with our lambs will skip and rebound,
To see thee come tripping along on the ground.

Queen.

What if a kind princess should so be content,
By meekness thus moved to give her consent,
And humble her honours, imbase her degree,
To tie her best fortunes, brave Tudor, to thee?

Tudor.

If to a kingdom I born were by birth,
And had at commandment all nations on earth,
Their crowns and their scepters should lye at thy feet,
And thou be my empress, my darling so sweet.

Queen.

I fear not to fancy thy love-tempting tongue,
For Cupid is coming, his bow very strong,
Queen Venus, once mistress of heart-wishing pleasure,
We over kind women repent us at leisure.

Tudor.

May never fair morning shew forth his bright beams,
But cover my falshood with greatest extreams,
If not as the turtle I lye with my dove,
My gentle kind princess, my lady, my love.

Queen.

Hie then into Wales, and our wedding provide,
For thou art my bridegroom, and I'll be thy bride,
Get gloves and fine ribbons, with bride-laces fair,
Of filk and of silver for ladies to wear.

Tudor.

With garlands of roses our housewifely wives,
To have them adorn'd most lovingly strives;
Their bride-cakes be ready, our bag-pipes do play,
Whilst I stand attending to lead thee the way.

Both together.

Then mark how the notes of our merry town-bells,
Our ding-dong of pleasures most chearfully tells;
Then ding-dong fair ladies, and lovers all true,
This ding-dong of pleasure may satisfy you.

LVII.

CUPID'S REVENGE.

The former editor of the collection of Old Ballads is of opinion, that this piece was written upon the marriage of king Henry VI. The reasons by which he supports this idea we shall give the reader in his own words.

*“ There is no one so very ignorant of history, as not to
“ know that this monarch (Henry VI.) was betrothed to
“ the count of Arminiac's daughter; a fine lady, with
“ whom*

“ whom he was to have a considerable portion, besides several towns and castles in Aquitain, which belong’d to king Henry’s ancestors. But the duke of Suffolk, without orders, negotiated a marriage between his master and the daughter of Rayner, duke of Anjou, a mighty titular prince; for he stil’d himself king of Jerusalem, Sicily, and Naples; but, with all his titles, so very poor, that he could not give his daughter a dowry: And king Henry was obliged, in favour of this marriage, to renounce his best dominions in France; which our poet (I suppose) hints at, in his throwing a purse of gold to the beggar.

Her fame thro’ all the realms did ring,
Altho’ she came of parents poor;
She, by her sovereign lord the king,
Did bear one son, and eke no more.

“ ’Tis very well known, that no woman supported the royal character with more courage and dignity than queen Margaret did. If any one would see her character at large, I would refer ’em to Mr. Philips’s tragedy of duke Humphrey. This queen had but one child, prince Henry; who was slain at Tewkesbury, by Richard duke of Gloucester, brother to king Edward the fourth: So that the last stanza is not consistent with history. But we must remember, that a poet who is writing on a subject which he dares not own, must so disguise the truth, as not to let his song be entirely applicable to a prince on the throne, or to one who had still potent friends living: And for that reason our poet begun with telling us, that he was writing of a foreign monarch; and concludes with setting the prince on the throne.”

A king

A King once reign'd beyond the seas,
As we in ancient stories find,
Whom no fair face could ever please ;
He cared not for womankind :

He despis'd the sweetest beauty,
And the greatest fortune too :
At length he married to a beggar ;
See what Cupid's dart can do !

The blinded boy that shoots so trim,
Did to his closet-window steal ;
And drew a dart, and shot at him,
And made him soon his power to feel.

He that never car'd for women,
But did females ever hate ;
At length was smitten, wounded, swooned,
For a beggar at his gate.

For mark what happen'd on a day,
As he look'd from his window high,
He spy'd a beggar all in grey,
With two more in her company :

She his fancy soon enflamed,
And his heart was grieved sore ;
What ! must I have her, court her, crave her ?
I that never lov'd before.

This

This noble prince of high renown,
Did to his chamber strait repair,
And on his couch he laid him down,
Oppress'd with love-sick grief and care.

Ne'er was a monarch so surpriz'd;
Here I lye her captive slave!
But I'll to her, court her, wooe her;
She must heal the wound she gave.

Then to his palace-gate he goes:
The beggars crave his charity;
A purse of gold to them he throws;
With thankful hearts away they hye.

But the king he call'd her to him,
Tho' she was but poor and mean;
His hand did hold her, while he told her,
She should be his stately queen.

At this she blushed scarlet red,
And on this mighty king did gaze!
Then strait again as pale as lead;
Alas, she was in such amaze!

Hand in hand they walk'd together;
And the king did kindly say,
That he'd respect her: strait they deck'd her
In most sumptuous rich array.

He

He did appoint the wedding-day ;
And likewise then commanded strait
The noble lords and ladies gay
Upon his gracious queen to wait.

She appear'd a splendid beauty,
All the court did her adore ;
And in a marriage with a carriage,
And if she'd been a queen before.

Her fame thro' all the realms did ring,
Altho' she came of parents poor :
She, by her sov'reign lord the king,
Did bear one son, and eke no more.

All the nobles were well pleased,
And the ladies frank and free ;
For her behaviour always gave her
Title to her dignity.

At length the king and queen were laid
Together in a silent tomb ;
Their royal son their scepter sway'd,
Who govern'd in his father's room.

Long in glory did he flourish,
Wealth and honour to increase ;
Still possessing such a blessing,
That he liv'd and reign'd in peace.

LVIII.

The lamentable Fall of the dutchess of Gloucester, wife
to good duke Humphry, with the manner of her
doing penance in London streets, and of her exile in
the Isle of Man, where she ended her days.

I Once a dutchess was of great renown,
My husband near ally'd to England's crown ;
The good duke Humphry 'titled was his name
Till fortune frown'd upon his glorious fame.

Henry the fifth, that king of gallant race,
Of whom my husband claim'd a brother's place ;
And was protector made of his young son,
When princely Henry's thread of life was spun.

Henry the sixth, a child of nine months old,
Then rul'd this land with all our barons bold ;
And in brave Paris crown'd was king of France,
Fair England with more honour to advance.

Then sway'd duke Humphry like a glorious king,
And was protector over every thing :
Even as he would please to his heart's desire,
But envy soon extinguish'd all his fire.

In height of all his pompal majesty,
From Cobham's house with speed he marry'd me ;
Fair Ellinor, the pride of ladies all,
In court and city people did me call.

Then flaunted I in Greenwich stately towers,
My winter's mansions, and my summer's bowers :
Which gallant house e're since those days hath been
The palace brave of many a king and queen.

The silver Thames that sweetly pleas'd mine eye,
Procur'd me golden thoughts of majesty ;
The kind content and murmurs of the water,
Made me forget the woes that would come after.

No gallant dame, nor lady in this land,
But much desired in my love to stand :
My golden pride increased day by day,
As though such pleasures never would decay.

On gold and silver looms my garments fair
Were woven still by women strange and rare ;
Embroider'd variously with Median filk,
More white than thistle-down, or morning's milk.

My coaches and my stately pamper'd steeds,
Well furnish'd in their gold betrapped weeds ;
With gentle glidings in the summer nights,
Still yielded me the evening's sweet delights.

An hundred gentlemen in purple chains,
As many virgin maids were still in trains.
The queen of Egypt with her pomp and glory,
For treasure could not equal this my story.

But yet at last my golden sun declin'd,
And England's court at these my joys repin'd ;
For soon my husband in his honoured place,
Amongst the barons reaped some disgrace :

Which grudge being grown, and springing up to height,
Unto his charge they laid some crime of weight ;
And then in prison cast good royal duke,
Without misdeed he suffer'd vile rebuke.

They took from him their great protector's name,
Thro' causes which those peers did falsely frame ;
And after overcome with malice deep,
My noble lord they murther'd in his sleep.

The young king having thus his uncle lost,
Was day by day with troubles vex'd and cross'd :
And treasons in the land were daily bred,
That from the factious house of York took head.

Of kingly Lancaster my husband's line ;
Whose death not only prov'd his fall, but mine :
For being dead, his livings and his lands
They seized all into king Henry's hands :

And

And after turn'd me friendless out of door,
To spend my days like to a woman poor :
Discharging me from all my pompal train ;
But Ellianor would a lady still remain.

The noble spirit of a woman's will,
Within my breast did burn in fury still ;
And ranging so in my revengeful mind,
Till I the murtherers of my lord did find.

But knowing them to be of power and might,
Of whom no justice could by law take right ;
And yet to nourish up my thoughts in evil,
I crav'd the help of hell and of the devil.

To practise witchcraft then was my intent,
And therefore for the witch of Ely sent ;
And for old Bullingbroke of Lancashire,
Of whom for charms the land stood much in fear.

We slept by day, and walk'd at midnight hours ;
The time that spells have force, and greatest pow'rs :
The twilights and the dawning of the morns,
When elves and fairies take their gliding forms.

Red streaming blood fell down my azur'd veins,
To make characters in round circled strains ;
With dead mens skulls by brimstone burned quite,
To raise the dreadful shadows of the night.

All this by black enchanting arts to spill
Their hated blood, that did duke Humphry kill.
My royal lord, untimely ta'en from me,
Yet no revengement for him could I see.

For by the hand of justly-dooming heaven,
We were prevented all, and notice giv'n;
How we by witchcraft fought the spoil of those,
That secretly had been duke Humphry's foes.

Wherefore my two companions for this crime
Did suffer death, e're nature spent its time.
Poor El'nor I, because of noble birth,
Endur'd a stranger punishment than death.

It pleased so the council of my king,
To disrobe me of every gorgeous thing:
My chains, and rings, and jewels of such price,
Were chang'd to rags more base than rugged frize.

And by command along each London street,
To go in penance wrapped in a sheet;
Barefooted, with a taper in my hand!
The like did never lady in this land.

My feet that lately trod the steps of pleasure,
Now flinty stones so sharp were forc'd to measure.
Yet none alive where I did come or go,
Durst shed one trickling tear at this my woe.

Break heart, and die ! here ended not my pain,
I judged was an exile to remain ;
And go a banish'd lady from this place,
Where in my blooming youth I liv'd in grace.

The remnant of those years which god me gave
Poor El'nor spent to find her out a grave ;
And left this land where she was bred and born,
In foreign foils for her misdeeds to mourn.

The Isle of Man, encompass'd by the sea,
Near England, named so unto this day,
Imprison'd me within the watry round,
Till time and death found me a burying-ground.

Full nineteen years in sorrow thus I spent,
Without one hour or minute of content :
Remembring former joys of modest life,
Whilst I bore name of good duke Humphry's wife.

The loss of Greenwich tow'rs did grieve me sore,
But the hard fate of my dear lord much more.
Yea, all the joys once in my bow'r and hall,
Are darts of grief to wound me now withal.

Farewel, dear friends ; farewel, my courtly trains ;
My late renown is turn'd to lingring pains :
My melody of music's silver sound,
Are snakes and adders hissing on the ground.

The downy bed whereon I lay full oft,
Are sun-burnt heaps of moss, now seeming soft;
And waxen tapers lighting to my bed,
Are stars about the silver moon bespread.

Instead of wine I drink of waters clear,
Which pays for my delightful banquets dear.
Thus changeth stately pomp, and courtly joys,
When pleasure endeth with such deep annoys.

My beauteous cheeks, where Cupid danc'd and play'd,
Are wrinkled grown, and quite with grief decay'd.
My hair turn'd white, my yellow eyes stark blind;
And all my body alter'd from its kind.

Ring out my knell, you birds in top of sky;
Quite tir'd with woes, here Ellinor must dye.
Receive me earth, into thy gentle womb;
A banish'd lady craves no other tomb.

Thus dy'd the famous dutchess of our land,
Controll'd by changing fortune's stern command:
Let those that sit in place of high degree
Think on their ends, that like to her's may be.

LIX.

KING EDWARD AND JANE SHORE.

Dr. Percy in his Reliques of Antient Poetry, vol. 2, has given so ample and accurate an account of the lady celebrated in this ballad, that we shall again, as heretofore, refer our readers to that ingenious work for further information on this subject.

WHY should we boast of Laius and his knights
Knowing such champions entrapt by whorish
lights?

Or why should we speak of Thais's curled locks,
Or Rhodope that gave so many men the p—x?
Read in old stories, and there you will find,
How Jane Shore, Jane Shore, she pleas'd king Edward's
mind,
Jane Shore she was for England, queen Frederick was
for France,
Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Of the old Amazons it were too long to tell,
And likewise of the Thracian girls how far they did
excel.

Those

Those with Scythian lads engag'd in several fights,
And in the brave Venerean wars did foil advent'rous
knights;
Messalina and Julia were vessels wond'rous brittle;
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, took down king Edward's
mettle.

Jane Shore she was for England, &c.

Thalestris of Thermodon she was a doubty wight,
She conquer'd Pallas king in th' exercise of night,
Hercules slew the dragon, whose teeth was all of brasse,
Yet he himself became a slave unto the Lydian lass;
The Theban Semele lay with Jove not dreading all his
thunder;
But Jane Shore overcame king Edward, altho' he had
her under.

Jane Shore she was for England, &c.

Hellen of Greece, she came of Spartan blood,
Agricola and Cressida they were brave whores and good,
Queen Clytemnestra boldly slew old Arthur's mighty
son
And fair Hesione pull'd down the strength of Telamon.
Those were the ladies that caus'd the Trojan sack,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, she spoil'd king Edward's
back.

Jane Shore she was for England, &c.

For this the ancient fathers did great Venus deify,
Because with her own father Jove she feared not to lye,
Hence Cupid came, who afterwards reveng'd his loving
mother,

And made kind Bibilis do the like with Caunus her own
brother;

And afterwards the goddess kept Adonis for reserve,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, she stretch'd king Edward's
nerve.

Jane Shore she was for England, &c.

The Colchan dame Medea her father did betray,
And taught her lover Jason the vigilant bull to slay;
And after thence convey'd her father's golden fleece
She with her lover sail'd away in Argos' ship to Greece;
But finding Jason false, she burnt his wife and court,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, she shew'd king Edward
sport.

Jane Shore she was for England, &c.

Romix of Saxony, the Welch state overthrew;
Igerne of Cornwall, Pendragon did subdue;
Queen Vanora with Arthur fought singly hand to hand
In bed, tho' afterwards she made horns on his head to
stand,

And to sir Modredus Pictish prince, a paramour became,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, she made king Edward
tame.

Jane Shore she was for England, &c.

Marefia

Marefia of Italy, fee how ſhe ſtoutly copes
 With jeſuits, prieſts, cardinals, and tripple crowned
 popes ;
 And with king Henry Roſamond ſpent many a dallying
 hour,
 'Till laſtly poyſon'd by the queen in Woodſtock fatal
 bower,
 And Joan of Arc play'd in the dark with the knights of
 Languedock,
 But Jane Shore met king Edward, and gave him knock
 for knock.
 Jane Shore ſhe was for England, &c.

Pafiſphae we know play'd feats with the Cretan bull,
 And Proſerpine, tho' ſo divine, became black Pluto's
 trull ;
 The Spaniſh bawd her ſtrumpets taught to lay their legs
 aſtride ;
 But theſe, and all the courtezans, Jane Shore did them
 deride ;
 Pope Joan was right, altho' ſhe did the papal ſcepter weild
 But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, ſhe made king Edward
 yield.
 Jane Shore ſhe was for England, &c.

Agathocle and Ænthea did govern Ægypt's king ;
 The witty wench of Andover ſhe was a pretty thing
 She freely took her lady's place, and with great Edgar
 dally'd,
 And with main force ſhe foil'd him quite, altho' he often
 rally'd,

For which brave act, he that her rackt, gave her his lady's
land,

But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, king Edward did com-
mand.

Jane Shore she was for England, &c.

Of Phryne and of Lais historians have related,
How their illustrious beauties two generals captivated,
And they that in the days of yore kill'd men, and sack'd
their cities

In honour of their mistresses, composed amorous ditties;
Let Flora gay, with Romans play and be a goddess
call'd;

But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, king Edward she en-
thral'd.

Jane Shore she was for England, &c.

The jolly tanner's daughter, harlot of Normandy,
She only had the happiness to please duke Robert's eye;
And Roxalina tho' a slave, and born a Grecian,
Could with a nod command and rule grand feignor So-
liman;

And Naples Joan would make them groan, that ardently
did love her;

But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, king Edward he did
shove her

Jane Shore she was for England, &c.

Aspatia

Aspatia doth of the Persian brothers boast,
Tho' Cynthia joy in the Laphian boy, Jane Shore shall
rule the roast.

Cleopatra lov'd Mark Antony, and Brownall she did
feats ;

But compar'd to our Virago, they were but merely
cheats :

Brave carpet-knights in Cupid's fights, their milk white
rapiers drew ;

But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, king Edward did subdue.

Jane Shore, she was for England, &c.

Hamlet's incestuous mother, was Gathermard, Den-
mark's queen,

And Circe, that enchanting witch, the like was scarcely
seen ;

Warlike Penthesila was an Amazonian whore,

To Hector and young Troilus, both which did her adore ;

But brave king Edward, who before had gain'd nine
victories,

Was like a bond-slave fetter'd within Jane Shore's all-
conquering thighs.

Jane Shore she was for England, queen Frederick wa
for France ;

Sing, Honi soit qui mal y pense.

LX.

A courtley new ballad of the princely Wooing of the
fair maid of London, by king Edward.

*Reprinted from an old black letter copy, printed for Hen.
Goffom.*

FAIR angel of England, thy beauty most bright,
Is all my heart's pleasure, my joy and delight;
Then grant me, fair lady, thy true love to be,
That I may say welcome good fortune to me.

The turtle so true and chaste in her love
By gentle perswasions her fancy will move;
Then be not intreated, sweet lady, in vain,
For nature requireth what I would obtain.

The phoenix so famous that liveth alone,
Is vowed to chastity, being but one:
But be not, my darling, so chaste in desire,
Lest thou, like the phoenix, do penance in fire.

But alas! gentle lady, I pity thy state,
In being resolved to live without mate;
For if of our courting the pleasure you knew,
You would have a liking the same to ensue.

Long time have I sued the same to obtain,
Yet I am requited with scornful disdain;
But if you will grant your good will unto me,
You shall be advanced to princely degree.

Promotions and honour may often entice
The chafteft that liveth tho' never fo nice;
What woman fo worthy but will be content,
To live in the palace where princes frequent.

Two brides young and princely, to church I have led,
Two ladies moft lovely have decked my bed:
Yet hath thy love taken more root in my heart,
Than all their contentments, whereof I had part.

Your gentle heart cannot mens hearts much abide,
And women leaft angry, when moft they do chide;
Then yield to me kindly, and fay that at length,
Men they want mercy, and poor women ftrength.

I grant that fair ladies may poor men refift,
But princes may conquer and love when they lift;
A king may command her to lye by his fide,
Whofe features deferveth to be a king's bride.

In granting your love, you fhall purchafe renown,
Your head fhall be deckt with England's fair crown,
Thy garments moft gallant with gold fhall be wrought,
If true love for treasure of thee may be bought.

Great

Great ladies of honour shall 'tend on thy train;
 Most richly attired with scarlet in grain;
 My chamber most princely thy person shall keep,
 Where virgins with musick shall rock thee to sleep.

If any more pleasures thy heart can invent,
 Command them, sweet lady, thy mind to content;
 For kings gallant courts where princes do dwell,
 Affords such sweet pastimes as ladies love well.

Then be not resolved to die a true maid,
 But print in thy bosom the words I have said,
 And grant a king favour, thy true love to be,
 That I may say, Welcome sweet virgin to me.

The VIRGIN's ANSWER.

O Wanton king Edward, thy labour is vain,
 To follow the pleasure thou canst not attain,
 With getting thou lovest, and having dost waste it,
 The which if thou purchase is spoil'd if thou hast it.

But if thou obtainest it, thou nothing hast won,
 And I losing nothing, yet quite am undone;
 But if of that jewel, a king does deceive me,
 No king can restore, tho' a kingdom he give me.

My colour is changed since you saw me last,
My favour is vanish'd, my beauty is past;
The rosy-red blushes that sat in my cheeks,
To paleness is turn'd, which all men mislikes.

I pass not what princes for love, do protest,
The name of a virgin contenteth me best;
I have not deserved to lie by thy side,
Nor yet to be counted for king Edward's bride.

The name of a princess I never did crave,
No such type of honour thy hand maid will have;
My breast shall not harbour so lofty a thought,
Nor be with rich proffers to wantonness brought.

If wild wanton Rosamond, one of our sort,
Had never frequented king Henry's brave court,
Such heaps of deep sorrow she never had seen,
Nor tasted the rage of so jealous a queen.

All men have their freedom to shew their intent
They win not a woman, except she consent.
Who then can impute to a man any fault,
Who still does go upright while women do halt.

'Tis counted a kindness in men for to try,
And virtue in women the same to deny:
For women inconstant can never be prov'd,
Untill by their betters therein may be mov'd.

If women and modesty once do but sever,
Then farewell good name and credit for ever;
And royal king Edward, let me be exil'd,
E'er any man knows my body's defil'd.

No, no, my old father's reverend tears
Too deep an impression within my soul bears,
Nor shall his bright honour that blot by me have,
To bring his grey hairs with grief to the grave.

The heavens forbid that when I shall die,
That any such thing should upon my soul lie;
If I have kept me from doing this sin,
My heart shall not yield with a prince to begin.

Come, rather with pity, to weep on my tomb,
Then for my birth curse my dear mother's womb,
That brought forth a blossom that stained the tree,
With wanton desires to shame her and me.

Leave, most noble king, me tempt not in vain
My milk-white affections with lewdness to stain;
Tho' England will give me no comforts at all,
Yet England will give me a sad burial.

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